

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 806.

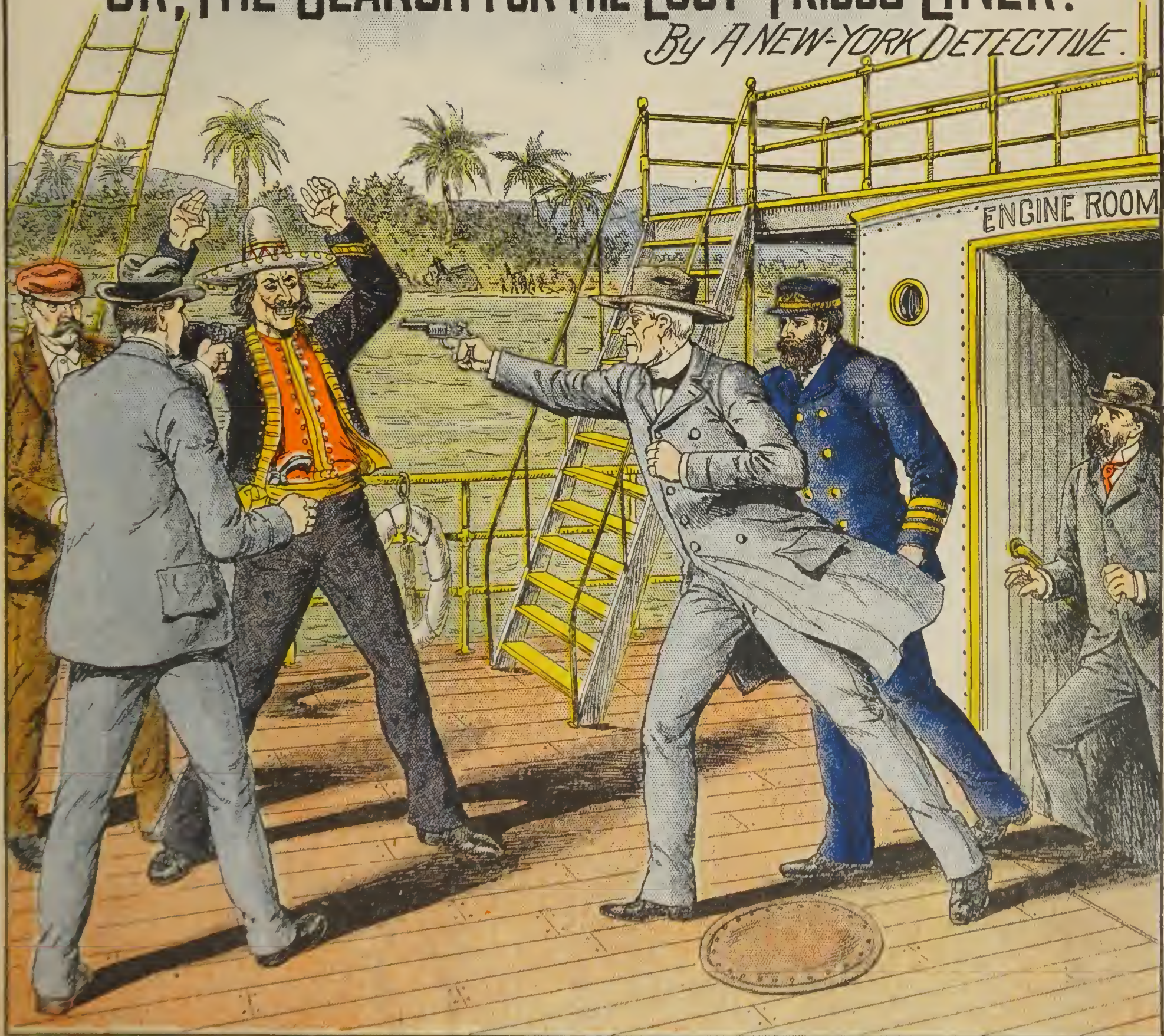
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE "BELLE OF BOLTON"

OR, THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST 'FRISCO LINER.

*By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



All at once, from the stairway leading down to the engine room, Old King Brady sprang. "Up hands, my man!" he cried, covering Abe with the revolver, as the doctor and



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 44. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broad sword; also instruction in archery. Illustrated with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of all card games applicable to every trick, of card tricks with and without cards, and not requiring knowledge of hand, or of the mysterious character of hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Heller. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 21. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer, and, in fact, everybody and everybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



# SECRET SERVICE.

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1901, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 306.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

### The Bradys and the 'Belle of Bolton'

OR,

### The Search for the Lost 'Frisco Liner.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE BRADYS CALLED ON A PECULIAR CASE.

The Bradys, those celebrated New York detectives whose fame has of late years become world-wide, were dining one evening at the Lick House, the time-honored hotel of San Francisco, Cal.

Having just brought to a successful issue a case which had involved some remarkable disclosures in relation to San Francisco's Chinatown, the Bradys were now about to return to New York, and undoubtedly would have been on the move next morning but for a call which came while they were finishing their meal, which as the old detective was feeling rather fatigued, was being served in the privacy of their own room.

It began with a card being handed in by a bell-boy.

"Gentleman to see Old King Brady!" he announced at the door, and the waiter passed the word along.

For once the old detective fairly lost his temper.

He even went so far as to pound the table with his knife.

"Confound it! Can't they even give us time to eat?" he cried. "Harry, we can see no one to-night."

And then, with the usual inconsistency of persons who lose their temper, Old King Brady immediately demanded to be informed whose name was on the card.

"It's a Mr. Whigmore, Governor," replied Harry, as Young King Brady is named.

"Well, scribble on the card that we don't want any more. Let him get out. I want to go home."

"Hold on, Governor, hold on! If I mistake not this Whigmore is a very prominent resident of Nob Hill, a man worth a whole lot of millions."

"Do you know that man?" demanded Old King Brady of the waiter, who was engaged in opening a bottle of champagne, something the detectives seldom indulge in, but then they had not expected any further business that night.

"Why, yes, sir," said the waiter. "Yes, Mr. Brady. Mr. Whigmore is worth ten or fifteen millions, they say. He lives up on California street between Mason and Taylor. Rather an old-timer, sir. He hasn't been in business for a good many years."

"Show him up," said the old detective in despair. "I won't take his case, though, if he's worth a billion."

"Ahem!" said Harry. "You will take it just the same, I'm ready to bet."

The Bradys went on with their dinner.

"Mr. Whigmore!" announced the waiter presently.

It was a surprise all around.

Instead of a portly old millionaire in marched a little dude with corn-colored hair plastered down over his head, and brought forward in front in most absurd fashion.

Of course his clothes were the latest, and his manner was affected and simpering.

He was the very last person Old King Brady would have taken up with under ordinary circumstances.

"Ah, Mr. Bwady!" he began, with a simpering smile. "Such an honnah to meet you. I come from me gwan-fawther, don't you know. He would have come himself only he is laid up with the wheumatism, don't you know. Here are letters which you will please wead."

Harry received the letters, which Old King Brady perused in silence.

The first opened was from the chief of the San Francisco police, and read as follows:

"Dear Brady.—I know you are anxious to get home, but my friend Mr. Whigmore has asked me to recommend a



good detective who can assist him in some very particular business, the nature of which I am not aware. If you can accommodate him you will greatly oblige me.

"Yours, J. C. Jones."

Old King Brady sighed as he tossed the letter over to Harry.

To refuse Mr. Jones was simply out of the question.

The other letter read thus:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir.—Your firm has been recommended to me by Chief Jones, of the S. F. police. I have need of the services of a skilled detective, not to ferret out a criminal case, but to run down and overhaul a rascal who has robbed myself and associate of a valuable secret. If you can assist me we shall not quarrel as to terms. You have but to give your assent and my grandson will conduct you to a person who will make everything plain.

"If you positively can't take my case kindly recommend someone in this town whom you think likely to fill the bill.

"Yours, Peter Whigmore."

This letter was also handed to Harry, and the old detective addressing the dude, said:

"You are Mr. Whigmore's grandson?"

"Yas! Are you going in for this business or not?"

"I think I can accommodate your grandfather, young man."

"Yas? You are ready to go now?"

"I presume you will allow me time to finish my supper?"

"This is a matter that don't want to be sidetwacked, Mr. Brady. It concerns a dying man."

"Indeed. Where do we go, and how?"

"My auto is at the door. We wun down by Widwood, it is about twenty miles."

"It will be necessary for you to be a little more definite."

"I cawn't be definite about what I don't understand. My orders were to take you to Dr. Stoppinham's sanitarium. That is all I know."

The Bradys consulted together for a few minutes, and it was determined to accept the call.

Old King Brady consequently put on the old blue coat with brass buttons, adjusted his queer old-fashioned stock and high-pointed collar, and having assumed his big white hat with its broad brim, announced himself ready to depart.

This peculiar costume, for so many years affected by the old detective, has become in a certain sense his trademark.

Change it he may and for purpose of disguise frequently does, but in beginning with a new case Old King Brady would scorn to appear in any other dress.

But for the letter of the police chief nothing would have induced Old King Brady to have taken up with "Willy" Whigmore, as the dude was usually called by the gilded youth of San Francisco.

Whooping it up at the Poodle Dog, driving his auto and doing midnight tours with gangs of his own kind through

Chinatown and along the "Barbary Coast," as San Francisco's Tenderloin is called, were all things in "Willy's" line, but when it came to actual business it is not at all strange that Grandpa Whigmore did not trust him with details, for truth told Willy was about as near nothing as it was possible for a young man to be.

The Bradys sized him up, of course, and it was no matter of surprise to them that Willy had nothing to tell.

His auto proved to be a fine machine, however, and his chauffeur a man who knew his business, so the detectives soon found themselves whirling down the San Jose road.

The auto made such good time that it was not yet nine o'clock when they drew up before a large building of gray stone which stood well back from the road, partly concealed by a high wall.

Here Willy led them to a gate which bore the name "Dr. Stoppinham" on a silver plate.

It was a well-known sanitarium, patronized by San Francisco's smart set.

Naturally the Bradys were most curious to know to what all this mystery was to lead.

They were promptly admitted at the gate, and having passed along a graveled walk lined with fuschia trees loaded with blossoms, they were ushered into a little reception room, where after a brief wait they were joined by a bluff Englishman past middle age, who announced himself as Dr. Stoppinham.

"And this is the famous Old King Brady," he said, shaking hands. "Positively it is an honor. Well, gentlemen, you have anxiously been expected. Mr. Whigmore, did your grandfather wish you to remain?"

"Oh, come now!" cried Willy, firing up on the instant. "You are not going to throw me out, you know. I won't stand for that."

"Unless you have orders to the contrary from your grandfather I must request you to take a seat outside," said the doctor, firmly. "This is not my business, as you are probably aware."

"I'll call gwanpa up on the phone and see about this!" retorted Willy. "You have insulted me, Dr. Stoppinham. I won't stand for this—no, I won't."

"You will find the phone in the public reception room across the corridor," said the doctor, opening the door.

Thus Willy found himself "fired out," and he retired in high dudgeon.

As he did not come back again it is safe to say that he probably received very little satisfaction from his grandfather over the phone.

"And now, gentlemen," said Dr. Stoppinham, "we must make this interview as brief as possible. Pay close attention, please.

"In this establishment, lying at the point of death, is an aged man who for upwards of half a century has been hopelessly insane, and an inmate of the different State lunatic asylums, lately at the San Bernardino establishment. Three weeks ago he was brought here.

"Probably you never heard of the case of the



famous liner, the Belle of Bolton. It occurred in 1851, long before your time, old man."

"I have heard of it," said Old King Brady. "But it was before my time in America—go on."

"This man, whose name is Jack Dutton," continued the doctor, "was first mate of the Bolton, and was the only survivor of the wreck."

"The steamer was bound outward for Panama, loaded with gold. It is said that she carried three millions in her treasure room. Caught in a terrible storm, she went ashore on the coast of Lower California on the 9th of November, 1851. A week later Mate Dutton was picked up in an open boat far out on the Pacific by a clipper ship."

"He was reduced by starvation, and was almost mad with thirst. He told of the wreck, but would not tell at what point it occurred. He chuckled and laughed, and kept saying that since he was the only survivor the gold belonged to him. He was clear on all details and wrote out a statement of the disaster which involved the loss of Captain Cromwell and a hundred and fifty passengers and crew, but the precise point on the coast where the wreck occurred he positively refused to give. Brought into San Francisco by the clipper, Mr. Whigmore, then in active business and one of the largest owners in the steamship line—it was known as the Whigmore line, in fact—took Dutton in hand and tried to force the secret from him. He failed, and to cut the story short the mate went raving mad within a few days, and has remained so ever since. For awhile Whigmore took charge of him, but as his condition did not improve and there seemed to be no prospect that it ever would, he was turned over to the State, and has since been a public charge."

"I have heard something of this story before," said Old King Brady. "It has been noticed in the papers several times. Whigmore and others have tried to locate the wrecked liner, and much money has been spent."

"That is so," replied the doctor. "Yes, the story is public property. We alienists have all had a hand in trying to wring the secret out of this fellow. When I was a student in the San Bernadino asylum I used to try to make him tell. The only answer one could get out of him was: 'I'm the mate of the Belle of Bolton. I alone know where she lies.' Then he would grow confidential, and offer to make us all rich if we would set him free and 'stake' him the price of a tug and diving apparatus. By the time he got that far he would begin to rave about the horrible scenes which took place at the time of the wreck. It usually ended in the padded cell, and often a straightjacket became necessary. So it went for many years."

"And now?" asked Old King Brady, as the doctor paused.

"The situation now is this," continued the doctor. "About three weeks ago Jack Dutton showed decided symptoms of returning reason, which came with the failure of his former robust physical health. One day he managed to prevail upon a new attendant to write and mail a letter to Mr. Whigmore. In this letter he declared that he was

now sane, and was willing to tell where the Belle of Bolton went down."

"Whigmore at once communicated with me, and I went to San Bernadino, and finding that the man had unquestionably recovered his reason, sought to make him tell his secret. He obstinately refused to confide in anyone but Mr. Whigmore himself, and as that gentleman was ill and unable to travel at the time, I engaged a private car and brought Dutton up here, accompanied by one Abe Miranda, the new attendant of whom I spoke."

"The journey proved too much for him. Immediately after his arrival at my sanitarium the man began to sink, and we nearly lost him. Again and again Whigmore came to his bedside, but Dutton was too weak to talk or write. Such was the state of affairs last night, when Whigmore again visited him. Yesterday morning I discovered that Miranda, who is a Mexican on his father's side, had suddenly decamped."

"I at once suspected that during the night he had succeeded in getting the long-desired information from my patient, and I think so still. Whigmore is most anxious that you should find him, hence his call for your assistance. He spoke with me over the phone early this evening, and told me that he was going to send for you. I suggested, Mr. Brady, that as you were a man of wide experience, perhaps you might be able to draw something definite from Dutton. At all events, you would be a new one to try it, and there is no telling how you might succeed."

"And if I fail in that, which is most probable?"

"Then you are to jump in and catch this greaser, Miranda, for I have not the least doubt that he has learned the secret of the whereabouts of the Belle of Bolton, for reasons which I will later explain."

## CHAPTER II.

### OLD KING BRADY'S PSYCHOLOGICAL CLEW.

"Is he asleep?"

"Yes, if you can call it sleep."

"It seems to me that it is sleep which can only end in death."

"And such is the case. Revive he never can, but he may regain consciousness. If he could only be made to speak it would mean a lot to me."

Old King Brady and Dr. Stoppinham stood together in a little room which opened off the corridor on the second floor of the sanitarium.

Young King Brady was also in the room, and stood with his back against the door.

Upon the small iron bed an aged man lay stretched out, on his back, his white, upturned face bearing every appearance of death.

"How old do you think he is, doctor?" asked the detective.



"Impossible to say; over eighty, doubtless," was the reply.

"His snow-white hair and beard would seem to indicate even greater age than that."

"I know it seems so, but we medical men have other ways of judging. Nothing is known of the man's antecedents, in all the long years of his madness no one has ever appeared who claimed relationship to him. I doubt if he is over eighty-five."

"Is there no way of arousing him?"

"None that I know of. He may never speak again. His life current is certainly at a very low ebb. As you see him now so he has been much of the time since we took him from the train. It was a great mistake removing him. Mr. Whigmore ought to have gone down to the San Bernardino at any cost. As it is, I am afraid I am out a million or so on the deal?"

Old King Brady looked sharply at Dr. Stoppinham.

"You are on an even divide in this deal," he said.

"That is it. If I can get the secret out of Dutton I am in for half."

"What is to be the programme in that case?"

"Whigmore and I will go down to Lower California on some steamer and see what can be done to recover the treasure. I am afraid it is too late, though. This fellow Miranda belongs down that way somewhere. He is a sharp, shrewd fellow, unusually so for a Mexican. His kind are all expert divers, and he may even now be on his way to the place where the wreck of the Belle of Bolton lies; such at least is my idea."

"Little can be done while this man remains so, doctor."

"Nothing."

"Of that you are certain?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Brady. Why are you so pressing? I see no other way than for you to remain up through the night. If the man revives you shall be instantly called; then you can try your hand with him. It will amount to but little, I am afraid."

"Very good, doctor. Now, since you have nothing to suggest, then I have."

"Any suggestion from you will be respectfully received, Mr. Brady."

"Leave this man to myself and my partner for awhile. Nothing may come of it, but I would like to try my hand."

"But what do you propose?"

"I should not presume to inquire into your methods of treatment, Dr. Stoppinham."

"Very good; and you don't wish me to inquire into yours."

Old King Brady bowed silently.

"I'll leave you at once," said the doctor, and he immediately withdrew.

"Governor, for heaven sake what do you mean to do?" demanded Harry, almost as much surprised as the doctor himself.

"I supposed I should have to take it from you, too," replied the detective. "My plan is simple enough. I am

merely going to try the effect of a strong will over a very weak one."

"Hypnotism?"

"You can call it that if you like. Of course, I am no hypnotist, but I have my own ideas on those matters."

"I know you have, but this man is all but dead."

"So much the easier for me. These doctors who make a specialty of insanity all work along the same lines, and fall into ruts. This man has tried all approved methods and has failed. No doubt I shall fail in my scheme, also, but just the same I propose to make the attempt."

"And where do I come in?"

"You stay out. Sit down on that stool in the corner and be ready with your note-book in case there is anything said."

It was rather a new departure for Old King Brady.

He had been doing some reading along psychological lines of late, and was only too much pleased to have so good an opportunity to put some of his theories into practice.

He now seated himself beside the bed and, taking the hand of the unconscious man within his own, held it for a long time, maintaining perfect silence.

Harry could see by the drawn look upon his face how hard the powerful mind of his chief was working.

Old King Brady's method was very simple.

He fixed his thoughts on the scene of the wreck, picturing it in his imagination as well as he could.

He thought of the gathering storm; he tried to imagine himself on the Belle of Bolton; in fancy he heard the howling of the wind; with eyes closed he could see the dashing waves, he pictured the towering peaks and rugged sides of the mountains of the Lower California peninsula, and so as the moments passed he was almost ready to believe that he was actually on an old sidewheel Frisco liner, fighting with one of those terrible storms of the Pacific which are far worse than anything known on the Atlantic, and of very infrequent occurrence.

And with all this he tried to throw his thoughts into the mind of the man whose hand he held.

"Where am I? Where am I?" he kept saying to himself. "Tell me where I am! You must—you shall! Come back to life and tell me where I am!"

Over and over again Old King Brady kept saying this.

For more than half an hour he never changed his position in the least, nor allowed his mind to waver.

Such was Old King Brady's attempt to obtain a psychological clew. Now to tell of his success.

It was the longest half hour Harry had ever put in.

It seemed to him finally as if he could not endure the silence of the little room another instant.

"By thunder, I shall have to yell if he don't give in on that soon," Young King Brady was saying to himself, when all at once he saw that a shudder was passing through the withered frame upon the bed, and that the hand which Old King Brady's held was twitching within his grasp.

It was beginning.

Jack Dutton did not open his eyes. He betrayed no out-



ward sign of consciousness except the twitching of the hand, but all at once he began to talk.

"Cap!" he shouted feebly. "That you, Cap Cromwell! Don't look at me so! Don't man! I know I stole the boat, but I have suffered for it! I have suffered so long."

Then there was silence for a few moments, when he called out again:

"Let go, burn you! Let go the gunwale! You shan't come in! Two will swamp her. I go alone! I will live. All hands are doomed, and if I live the gold will come to me. Let go! Let go! Ha! I've beat him off! Down he goes! What's a life, anyhow? Nothing so long as it isn't yours. Ha, ha! The gold! The gold! Millions in gold!"

Suddenly the eyes opened, and he pulled his hand away from the detective.

"Whigmore!" he cried, fixing his gaze upon Old King Brady. "Why are you here? I told you the secret last night."

"Tell it again!" said Old King Brady. "Tell it again. I command you to tell it again."

"You—you are Whigmore?" demanded Dutton, fiercely.

"I am Whigmore."

"You don't look like the man who was with me before. He said he was Whigmore. I told him."

"I am Whigmore. Tell it! Tell it!" the old detective repeated in the same monotonous tone.

"Yes, yes! I will tell it. I am dying now. I know it. I can never get the gold."

"Tell it! Tell it!" repeated Old King Brady, never removing his gaze nor raising his voice above the same even tone.

"San Lopez—between the Five Sisters and the mainland. Take your bearings on the white rock. There she lies. I saw her sink. The Belle of Bolton! Is it all right, Whigmore? Now will you let me die?"

"Have you told all?"

"All! I was carried out to sea, but I saw her sink! Hear the women scream! Oh, heaven hear them scream! See the men tumble overboard. They can't save themselves. The boats are rotten—rotten! I got the only one that was good for anything. Do you blame me, Whigmore? I knew what was coming. I knew it had to be. Take your eyes off of me, man! Let me die! Let me die!"

Old King Brady turned away and staggered to his feet.

Instantly the sufferer fell back into his former position, and once more the eyes closed.

"Heavens, Harry!" gasped the detective. "I never had such a siege. I am almost exhausted. Get me a glass of water, will you? Did you write down what he said?"

"It's all down, Governor," replied Harry.

As Old King Brady turned away and leaned against the window Harry flung open the door and hurried out into the ward for water.

The first person he ran into was Dr. Stoppinham, who demanded what the matter was.

"I want water," cried Harry. "Be quick!"

The doctor beckoned to an attendant, who brought a pitcher of ice water.

"What success?" demanded the doctor.

"Well, he has spoken," replied Harry.

"He has told the location of the wreck?"

"Yes."

The water came and they hurried into the room together.

Old King Brady seized the pitcher and drank deeply of its contents.

"I have learned the secret, doctor. The man has spoken!" he gasped.

"It is well he has," replied the doctor, in a low voice, as he bent over the bed.

"Ha! Is it so?"

Old King Brady sprang forward.

"Yes, it is so," replied the doctor. "All over now, Mr. Brady. He will never speak again—he is dead!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### TURNING THE TABLES ALL AROUND.

Such was the beginning of the case of the Belle of Bolton which was to prove one of the most important ever taken by the Bradys.

On the afternoon of the following day Old King Brady ascended the steps of one of the most elegant mansions on Nob Hill, and upon ringing the bell was admitted to the presence of Peter Whigmore.

It was the first visit the old detective had paid to the man who had employed him.

Mr. Whigmore was well advanced in years, and most methodical in his habits.

It was a difficult matter to get him to move in any other direction than that which suited him.

He had appointed this hour for the interview, and now it had come.

Old King Brady, entering the library, found himself face to face with a well-preserved man of seventy odd, of rough exterior and little polish in his speech; one of the old-time Californians of the 49er style, a race which has now pretty well run out.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Brady," said Whigmore, extending his hand to the detective. "Our interview by telephone was so satisfactory I have no doubt we shall get on famously now."

"I hope so," replied the old detective.

"I see that the judgment of my friend Jones was correct. You are a remarkable man, Mr. Brady. What Dr. Stoppinham, with all his skill, failed to do, you appear to have accomplished easily enough."

"I have learned to make men speak, Mr. Whigmore. That is part of my professional work."

"I know, I know. Now let's get right down to business. Where is your partner?"

"He was to have been here. He will be along soon, no



doubt. I left him to see about engaging a cook."

"A very important matter. Yes, Mr. Brady, I have fully decided to undertake this Belle of Bolton business, as I told you last night and again this morning over the phone. It is true I am rather an old man for such an undertaking, but I'm still hale and hearty. You have carried out all my orders, I trust?"

"As far as has been possible, Mr. Whigmore. I have engaged the steamer to take us down to Lower California, and——"

"Her name?"

"A singular one—The Ox."

"Never heard of her."

"She is a small English tramp which came into San Francisco a year ago in very bad condition, and was seized by the dry-dock company for the bill of repairs done upon her. Her owners appear to have considered the bill more than the steamer was worth, and to have abandoned her. I succeeded in making a close bargain, and——"

"Never mind about that, Mr. Brady. I gave you carte blanche to do what you liked, regardless of expense, so you need render no account until the job is done. You engaged a captain?"

"Yes. One Pollock, a Downeaster who claims to know the whole coast from Seattle to Panama."

"He seems the right sort?"

"He certainly does to me."

"He will engage the crew?"

"He promises to have the steamer ready to sail by to-morrow noon. He was disappointed in the cook, and my partner undertook to look up a new one just to help him out."

"Good! Then there is really nothing to hinder us from sailing to-morrow."

"It looks so now."

"Did you question Captain Pollock about this San Lopez?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"That he knows of no town of that name on the coast of Lower California, but that there is a bay of San Lopez about half way down the peninsula. He thinks that must be the place."

"Doubtless he is right. There are very few towns on the Lower California coast."

"I know. The whole country is almost a wilderness."

"And the wildest and most desolate wilderness you ever laid eyes on, Mr. Brady. You are aware, I presume, that it seldom or never rains there?"

"I know. I have been up and down the coast several times."

"Is there anything further to be said, Mr. Brady?"

"I would like to ask if this bay of San Lopez is anywhere near the scene of your former operations."

"Not within two hundred miles of where we searched for the Belle of Bolton."

"One question further. You authorized me to prepare

accommodations for yourself and Dr. Stoppenhauer; you said nothing of anyone else, and yet I am informed that we are to have another passenger."

"I don't know what you mean, unless you are talking about some friend of your own."

"I am speaking of your grandson."

"Ha! Willy? He's nothing. Has he been bothering around you?"

"Yes. He says he is going."

"The little idiot! I was a fool to tell him anything about the matter. Send him about his business, Brady."

"Very well, sir. Anything further?"

"About the divers. I didn't think to ask."

"I have engaged two who come well recommended."

"That's all right. I have no doubt everything will go smoothly. I'll see Willy and tell him he can't go. The little jackass! He would be howling for something or other all the way down the coast."

This ended the interview.

Old King Brady did not wait for Harry, but left word for him to follow to the Lick House.

Thither the old detective went himself, and was seated by the window smoking and reading the paper when at last, at half-past eleven o'clock, Harry came into the room.

"Where in the world have you been all this time?" demanded the old detective. "Really, I was beginning to get quite worried about you."

"I have just come from Mr. Whigmore's," replied Harry in a tone so peculiar that it caused Old King Brady to look up from his paper.

"Something has happened, Harry?"

"That's right. I guess it's all fixed, Governor."

"What do you mean?"

"That shortly after you left Whigmore's the old gentleman had the misfortune to fall downstairs. He is seriously injured. At the time I left the house he had become unconscious and was considered at the point of death."

"Well, well, well! Then that upsets all our plans."

"That's what it does. The grandson was there. He asked me to wait around and I did so—until eleven o'clock. Then Willy came to me and told me to tell you that his grandfather had ordered that the whole matter of the Belle of Bolton be turned over to him. He added that our services were no longer wanted, that we could send in a bill for what we had done."

"In short, he gave us the bounce."

"That is it."

"Humph! Strange turn of affairs. How did the accident happen?"

"Case of vertigo, I believe. I could find out very little about it. Willy seemed to be in full command."

Old King Brady smoked on in silence.

"What are you going to do about it, Governor?" Harry asked at last.

"Nothing to-night," was the reply. "To-morrow we will see."

"Everything has been done in Mr. Whigmore's name?"



"Yes, such were his orders."

"In case of his death—what?"

"Give it up. Don't let's think about it to-night. It is one of those unexpected turns which affairs take in which one can just do nothing at all."

And so the Bradys went to bed and let matters rest until morning.

The paper brought them the startling intelligence that Mr. Whigmore was dead.

There seemed to be nothing mysterious about his death—merely a case of apoplexy.

And so for the time being this put an end to the treasure-hunting scheme.

The Bradys called at the house on Nob Hill during the morning, but were not admitted.

A young man who said he represented Mr. Whigmore's lawyers met them at the door, and informed them that their services were no longer required, reiterating Willy's message about their bill.

Old King Brady took it coolly.

"That ends the Whigmores," he said to Harry, as they walked down California street hill. "We will just lie quiet and see what Dr. Stoppinham has to say about it. Meanwhile, we will go down to Sutter street wharf and see what Captain Pollock is about."

So the detectives strolled on, and reaching the wharf, went aboard the English tramp steamer Ox, which lay moored well down towards its end.

"Captain Pollock aboard?" asked Old King Brady, addressing a sailor who came forward.

"He is, sir," replied the man. "He is in his cabin now."

"Let him know that I am here, please."

"He is engaged just now, sir."

"Engaged with whom?"

"A young man who came aboard awhile ago. I don't know his name."

"Do as I tell you. Let Captain Pollock know that I want to see him," said the detective. "My name is Brady. You must remember me."

"Oh, I remember you all right, sir; but I can't go back on orders. Captain Pollock left word that he was not to be disturbed."

Here was hard lines.

The day before Old King Brady had been the whole thing aboard the Ox.

Pushing the man aside, he strode toward the companionway, when he perceived Captain Pollock coming up.

He gave a quick start at the sight of the old detective.

"Mr. Brady. I—really——" he began, in a stammering voice.

Old King Brady was mad clear through, but he restrained himself, which was more than Harry could do.

"Speak it right out, Pollock!" the old detective exclaimed, compelling for Harry to be quiet. "Are we barred off this steamer by the order of Mr. Willy Whigmore? Is that the story?"

"Well, sir, I understand that Mr. Whigmore senior is

dead. I was told by you that I was acting in his interests. I—you—that is, a man naturally has to look after himself. Mr. Whigmore junior——"

"Is in the cabin now?" broke in the detective.

"Well, he is, sir. I don't think you had better try to see him, though. He has given special orders that you are not to be admitted on board the Ox."

"Oh, indeed! Very well. We will retire. Good-day, Captain Pollock!"

The Bradys then withdrew without further talk.

They returned at once to the Lick House.

Here before two hours had elapsed Dr. Stoppinham put in an appearance.

He found Old King Brady seated in his room, but Harry was absent.

After the first greetings had been exchanged and remarks passed about the unexpected turning of the tables by the sudden death of Mr. Whigmore, Dr. Stoppinham proceeded to business.

"Well, Mr. Brady," he said, "it seems that we are down and out, and that Willy is the whole thing."

"Oh, you have been investigating, have you, doctor?" replied the old detective. "So have we, and we find that we are most beautifully side-tracked as far as the Whigmore interest is concerned. Now, what have you got to say?"

"Something which will put an entirely different face on the affair. Read this contract, please."

The detective perused a legal-looking document which Dr. Stoppinham now produced.

"Come," he exclaimed, "this puts an entirely different face on the affair. You have under this agreement a half interest in the treasure of the Belle of Bolton."

"As I intimated to you the other night, Mr. Brady, I am a busy man. I don't go into a thing like this without securing myself. Before I went to San Bernadino to get that man Dutton I made old Whigmore draw up this agreement under the direction of my attorneys. Under its provisions you will perceive that I am to bear half the expense of the expedition, and have half the profits. It was all understood."

"You are a long-headed man, doctor. Whigmore is named as the sole owner of this gold here."

"And so he was. He was the last surviving partner of the old house of Whigmore & Co., and he bought out the interests of his associates when they died."

"Which leaves you fully qualified to act in this matter."

"So my lawyer says. Willy seems to have seized our property and to have completely won over the captain whom you engaged. I shall promptly proceed against him, and——"

"Hold on, Doctor!"

"Well?"

"I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Let me propose a different plan."

"Anything you propose, Mr. Brady, will receive my full attention."



"Then let us act on our own account. I—but here comes Harry! Well, young man, what's the report?"

"I have a call on the yacht, Governor," replied Harry, who had come bustling into the room. "She can be made ready for sea by to-morrow noon. I have found a captain, and he says he can have a crew aboard in two hours' time. He claims that by working all night he can have the yacht provisioned and everything in readiness to sail at noon. As for the divers, I have found two who seem to know their business. I am to let them know in the morning if their services will be required. I think that is all. There is nothing to hinder us from going straight ahead with this business if——"

"If Dr. Stoppinham says the word," broke in Old King Brady, adding: "Come, doctor, it is up to you!"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the doctor. "If this isn't prompt action I don't know what it."

"That's our style of doing business," replied Old King Brady. "I am not the man to let myself be balked by dudes or by death either, for that matter. I've seen Mr. Willy Whigmore and gone him one better. Now what do you say?"

Dr. Stoppinham, while intensely excited over the affair, seemed to hesitate.

"Why, the fact is, Mr. Brady," he began, "I——"

"You can't raise the cash to meet these expenses, doctor? Speak it right out if that is it."

"That's it, Mr. Brady. I am good for it, but——"

"Enough. I am also good for it. I will meet all bills. You can give me a six months' note for the amount. Now what do you say?"

"Thank you, and it's a go!"

"Very well. We take no financial risk, let that be understood."

"Except on me."

"That is also understood."

"And where do you come in?"

"Let that be decided right now."

"Give me your views."

"Twenty per cent."

"Most moderate. Terms accepted."

"Settled," said Old King Brady. "Now let Willy Whigmore wander where he will. To-morrow at twelve sharp we sail for the bay of San Lopez to seek the lost Frisco liner."

## CHAPTER IV.

### DOWN THE CALIFORNIA COAST.

"There we go, doctor! That's the last of the Golden Gate!"

It was Old King Brady who spoke.

He and Dr. Stoppinham sat on the deck of the yacht Emerald, Captain Harding, watching the disappearing hills of the Golden Gate.

It was evening, and Harry, fatigued with heavy work done the night before, to help in the fitting out of the yacht, had already retired.

The doctor was like a man walking in a dream.

"It is really remarkable how you have put this thing through, Mr. Brady," he said. "Do you know when I heard of Whigmore's death I about gave up, for I knew that Willy hated me, and was bound to make all kinds of trouble."

"It is my business to sweep away trouble, doctor," the old detective replied.

"And you have done so in this case most effectively. Better adapted to our purpose than this yacht nothing could be. It is complete even to the brass cannon astern. How on earth did you ever come to get on to it?"

"Oh, just by hustling. It belonged to a gentleman named Peyser, who died within a few months."

"On what terms did you hire it?"

"I didn't hire it, doctor. I bought it!"

"Indeed! What a thing it is to have money at your command. What did you pay?"

"Let that go till we come to settle."

"You're a strange man. You would not even let me give you the note, after all."

"Oh, I thought it would be as well to leave it all to be settled at once. If we succeed in recovering the treasure of the Belle of Bolton perhaps there need be no note. You are satisfied to leave it so?"

"More than satisfied with everything. They tell me that you are the richest detective in America, Mr. Brady."

"Well, my dear sir, I've got enough to keep me, but then you must remember I have been in business for a long time. Now, let us change the subject. You heard nothing of that fellow Abe Miranda up to the time you left?"

"Nothing."

"I have not neglected that end of the business, doctor."

"You amaze me. I should have supposed that you had had enough to do to look after the fitting out of the Emerald."

"Oh, but you must remember that there are two of us. I had a very accurate description of Miranda from you, recollect."

"Certainly."

"That being the case, I started out around the slums of the water front to see if I could hear anything of the fellow there. I have had considerable experience with these Mexican greasers. They are indolent, it is true, but they are also shrewd. It occurred to me that this Miranda might move about a bit among crimps and captains to see what he could do on his own account."

"And the result of your investigations?"

"Were a little startling. From a certain crimp with whom I was formerly acquainted in New York I learned that a man of Miranda's description was floating around the water front of Frisco a day or so ago, and that he was seen in the company of Captain Pollock, the very man I suggested to take command of the Ox."



"Is it possible?"

"There you are. But that isn't all."

"What else?"

"Captain Pollock shipped this same man as cook. We had one engaged for the Ox, but for some reason he went back on us. Then Harry hustled about and got another, but it seems that Captain Pollock promptly picked a quarrel with him, and the fellow quit, this man being taken on in his place."

"It looks bad for Willy, Mr. Brady."

"Indeed it does, and it looks also as if we had a narrow escape of having to face a crooked captain only too well posted in what we proposed to do. For my part, I should not have told Pollock anything, but Mr. Whigmore insisted that he be fully informed. So much for having to deal with one's principal over the telephone. You know I only saw the man once."

"He was a very arbitrary character, and I look for all kinds of trouble with his executors if we are fortunate enough to find the Belle of Bolton and raise the gold."

"Who are they, do you know?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Don't fret. I'll see you clear through. It is not often that I engage in a case of this sort, but having gone in for it, I shall certainly leave no stone unturned to make it a success."

It was a beautiful night, and the green treeless hills of the coast range stood out in bold relief in the moonlight.

The Bradys had been late in starting, but otherwise everything had gone with perfect smoothness, and so it continued all through the trip.

Next morning found the yacht off San Louis Obispo, and Santa Barbara and its many islands were passed during the following night.

Thus they steamed past San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, and on by Point Leona, which guards the harbor of San Diego, and soon they found themselves running along the barren coast of the Lower California peninsula which is well known to be one of the most horribly desolate countries on the face of the earth.

An endless range of towering mountains, rugged and broken, and bare trees rose before the gaze of our treasure hunters.

In some places their black, seamed sides came perpendicularly down to the ocean, and the waves could be seen dashing against them with fearful force.

At other points the mountains lay back for a mile or more, the intervening space being covered with immense deposits of white sand rising gradually from the water's edge up to the base of the range, often attaining a height of a thousand feet.

Such was the scene when Young King Brady came on deck early one morning, before either Dr. Stoppinham or the old detective were up.

"Well, young man, and what do you think of that country?" asked the captain, who personally had the wheel. "Not very inviting, is it?"

"I should say not," replied Harry. "I don't see a sign of life anywhere, nor is there a cloud in the sky. The mountains look as though you could almost touch them. It is the strangest looking country I ever saw."

"It is a strange country," replied the captain. "You know they sometimes go for two or three years without a drop of rain here?"

"So I have heard. Does no one live here?"

"Not at this point. There is no fresh water. Further down there are settlements, very few though. There it occasionally rains."

"An ugly coast to be wrecked on, captain."

"The worst in the world. Several of the old Frisco liners have gone ashore here. There was the Rising Star, and the Golden State; three hundred people lost their lives in that wreck, and even those who got ashore starved to death. Then there was the Belle of Bolton; she went down in November, '51, before you or I were born."

"Yes," replied Harry.

He felt that he was being pumped.

Old King Brady's arrangement with Captain Harding had been rather peculiar.

The captain thoroughly understood that he was sailing under sealed orders, and that he was to ask no questions, and his pay had been made sufficiently liberal to cover this.

And so it was with the divers and the crew.

All had been promised pay in advance of the usual price, but not one of them knew the destination of the Emerald; nor did Old King Brady intend that they should until the right time came.

It came that morning, right after breakfast, when the old detective ordered Captain Harding to pipe all hands on deck.

"Now, captain, and you, too, my men," said Old King Brady, who had come to an understanding with Dr. Stoppinham on this point, "the time has arrived when you should all be told the nature of the cruise which we have undertaken. Briefly, it is a treasure hunting expedition. We are out after the wreck of a steamer known as the Belle of Bolton, which went down on this coast over half a century ago."

The crew stood staring with open mouths.

Captain Harding looked wise, and the divers wiser, but no one spoke.

"And now," continued Old King Brady, "I wish to say that in case this treasure is recovered there will be an equal division of one-sixteenth among you two divers and the crew, share and share alike. As the gold on the wreck is believed to be considerable, each will come into a snug little sum of money if all jump in and make this a success. That is all I have to say. Captain Harding, you will now attend the doctor and myself in the cabin, where a further consultation will be held."

Captain Harding resigned his wheel and the meeting was called to order in the cabin a few minutes later.

This time Dr. Stoppinham was the spokesman, and he



told the story of Jack Dutton and of the fate of the Belle of Bolton, to which the captain and Mr. Tubby, the engineer, listened with close attention.

"And now, gentlemen," said the doctor, when he had finished, "I will let Old King Brady take up the talk. Remember that although I am the owner of one-half this treasure and accountable to the estate of Peter Whigmore for the other half, Old King Brady is empowered by me to make any arrangement he pleases."

"And it is like this, Captain Harding, and you also, Mr. Tubby," said the detective. "While we are under no obligation to give you or your associates on this yacht more than your regular pay, we recognize that in treasure hunting cruises such is the custom, and as you have seen in the case of the crew we do not propose to depart from it. It is believed that three millions or more went down with the Belle of Bolton. Of what we recover you, Captain Harding, and you, Mr. Tubby, will receive one sixteenth equally divided between you. Is that satisfactory to you both?"

"Entirely so, and most liberal," replied Captain Harding, and Mr. Tubby also assented.

"And this," said Old King Brady in continuation, "means that you are to use your best efforts to help us out. We have every reason to fear opposition in this matter, and it may come to a fight. There is more to the story which may now be told."

And Old King Brady went on to relate his experience with Captain Pollock and Willy Whigmore.

"This is serious," said Captain Harding. "It may get us into trouble."

"We are taking our chances on that," replied Old King Brady. "The question is now do you propose to stand by us through thick and thin?"

"You have my word for that," said Captain Harding.

"And mine," added Mr. Tubby.

"Settled," said Old King Brady. "And now, captain, to try and locate our lost liner. Bring the chart of this coast which I gave you before we started out, and we will see what can be done."

## CHAPTER V.

### DISCOURAGING WORK.

With the chart spread out before him, Captain Harding, who was seated at the table, announced himself ready for business.

The Bradys and Dr. Stoppinham stood around looking down at the diagram of the coast along which they were sailing, and Old King Brady took up the subject again.

"And now just where are we, captain?" he asked.

"Six Spanish leagues north of the bay of St. Sebastian Vizcaino," replied the captain, pointing to the place on the map.

"Very good; and where are the islands known as the Five Sisters?"

"They lie off the peninsula which forms the southern boundary of the bay, known as Point Eugenia. Opposite to them is the little bay of San Lopez. The islands are not down on the chart as such. They are marked only as rocks, but I have been told that they are locally known as the Cinco Hermanas, or Five Sisters."

"You are well posted, captain, and I am glad to see it," replied Old King Brady. "Now, where is the town of Maria?"

"About twenty miles from the bay of San Lopez."

"So I should judge."

"Is it much of a place, think?"

"I doubt if it is more than a collection of fishermen's huts. Probably there is a spring at that point. Here and there you find one on the coast, although where the water comes from is a mystery to me."

"You have been here before?"

"I have fished up and down the coast, but I never landed along here."

"Now, what are the depths inside the islands?"

This question brought out a long discussion as to the depths and the nature of the bottom along the coast.

Captain Harding was not hopeful; the depth of water inside the bay of San Lopez was not marked on the chart; there were marks on the outside of the island showing shoal water, but that was all.

"There isn't one chance in a thousand but what the wreck is entirely buried in the sand," he declared. "I know this coast pretty well; there is an accumulation of sand everywhere, and that accounts for the shoal water off the islands. Did this man Dutton say that the wreck took place inside the Five Sisters or without? As I understand it you do not even know."

"That's right," replied Old King Brady. "We don't know. But isn't it safe to conclude that she went on the rocks themselves?"

"Jumping at conclusions in detective business may be all right——" began the captain.

"Oh, but it isn't," broke in Harry. "That is something the Governor never allows."

"Then no more will it do in a case like this."

"Certainly not," replied Old King Brady. "Nor do I propose to. What I said was that the chances were the Belle of Bolton went on the rocks—do you agree to that?"

"Very likely. Dutton did not say that she went down inside the bay?"

"That is where you have failed to follow me, Captain Harding. As I stated, he distinctly said that she went down between the Sisters and the mainland. We are to take our bearings on the big white rock."

"I beg your pardon. I remember now. You are right."

"I think we can go no further with this business till we get on the spot," said Dr. Stoppinham.

This was evident, and here the discussion ended.

The day wore on without event.

No sign of the Ox could be seen in the evening, but toward



night Harry saw smoke far out at sea, and was the first to call Captain Harding's attention to it.

"That's probably the regular Panama steamer," declared the captain. He turned his glass upon it and repeated his statement.

Probably it was so, for the steamer held to her course, and the smoke was soon lost in the distance.

The yacht soon after came off the bay of San Sebastian Vizcaino, and passing between the Isle of Cedros and the mainland, began to round Point Eugenia.

Supper was now announced, and the Bradys and the doctor made short work of it, for Captain Harding, who stuck to his wheel, had declared that they were liable to sight the Five Sisters within half an hour's time.

Old King Brady was the first on deck, and the captain at once called him.

"There they are, Mr. Brady," he exclaimed. "You see those five black rocks just projecting above the water? Those must be the Sisters—they can be nothing else."

"It would seem so if they are due here."

"They are. When we get beyond the range of that point we ought to see the bay of San Lopez and the white rock. That will decide the question, of course."

Harry and the doctor now joined them, and the interest of the next fifteen minutes was intense.

Soon they were beyond the range of the point, and a shallow indentation in the shore was revealed.

A bay it might be called, although it was scarcely worthy of the name.

Here the base of the mountains lay back about a mile from the beach, a vast stretch of sand lying between, while rising above the surface of this mighty sand-hill, about midway between the water's edge and the foot of the cliffs, was a giant boulder as white as the driven snow.

"This is surely the place!" cried the doctor. "Brady, it is wonderful! What I sought to learn for years you learned in a few minutes, and you have proved your claim, too. Do you know, I have sometimes doubted whether you understood Jack Dutton, after all."

"Or whether he ever actually told me anything," replied the old detective dryly.

"Come, I never said that!"

"Certainly you never did, but I could read your thoughts. Never mind, doctor. I am justified, and that's enough. Now, captain, we come to anchor inside the sisters, and the first thing is to heave the lead."

"Upon which all depends," replied the captain. "Patience, gentlemen. We shall soon know whether we are in it or not."

Old King Brady passed around the cigars, and all waited with breathless impatience.

"If we are not disturbed by Willy Whigmore, upon my word I don't think we are liable to be disturbed at all," declared the doctor. "There isn't a sign of life here. Not even a Digger Indian could pick up a living on this coast."

"It looks so," replied Captain Harding. "But just the same you are liable to strike fishing boats here any time."

"We want to be perpetually on our guard," declared Old King Brady.

"Night and day," added the captain, giving his wheel a twist, and they ran in between the first Sister and the point.

Here the water was intensely blue, and there was but little swell.

Captain Harding kept on his course until they were about midway between the rocks and the shore, and then, giving Mr. Tubby the bell, the yacht came to a standstill.

The critical moment had now come, for the order to drop the anchor was given, and it would not even be necessary to await the heaving of the lead before they knew something of the depth.

Eagerly the Bradys and the doctor watched the cable as it paid itself out.

"Thirty feet, sir!" announced one of the sailors in charge. Old King Brady looked at Dr. Stoppinham in triumph.

"It's immense," said the doctor. "But it must be deeper than that elsewhere."

"The tide is about out," said Captain Harding. "You must make allowance for that."

"Better try your lead," added Old King Brady. "There must be no guesswork here."

"We will send out a boat and see how matters stand," replied the captain. "I'll go myself and take the soundings on both sides of us. I am as anxious to get the thing straight as you can be."

This meant another hour's work, and in the meanwhile the sun went down, dropping out of sight beneath the calm waters of the Pacific.

Nowhere on earth are there such beautiful sunsets as on the California coast.

As twilight is of short duration here, the captain hurriedly brought his work to a close, and returned on board the Emerald.

"We are right in it," he announced. "The greatest depth of water I can find is sixty feet, and it shoals down to about thirty. We seem to have struck the shallowest place to tie up. You know we sailors consider that a sign of good luck?"

And so that day's work ended, for there was nothing which could be done to help along their plans until the divers had gone down and examined the bottom.

A quiet evening, spent on deck by the Bradys and the doctor followed.

The moonlight thrown on those rugged mountains produced an effect which would have set an artist raving.

Harry, who had brought a camera along, tried to get a plate or two by long exposure, and also one by flashlight.

This gave subject for conversation. Sam Wertz, one of the divers, played the banjo and sang. Altogether it was a very pleasant evening, and the night which followed was without event.

Five o'clock found the Bradys astir, and without waiting for the doctor, they started off with the divers in the boat.

The apparatus which had been brought with them from



San Francisco was the latest thing of its kind, and as Old King Brady was able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of Joe Penny, the head diver, that he understood it, both men decided to go down.

They descended four times, each time from a different point, and made a very careful examination of the bottom, which they reported as consisting of clean white sand.

Not a trace of wreckage of any kind could be discovered.

The gong was ringing for breakfast on board the Emerald by the time these operations had come to an end.

"It is just as I surmised," said Captain Harding, who with Dr. Stoppinham joined the Bradys at the table. "There is a constant wash of sand here which in a very short time covers up everything. The case is hopeless. I tell you frankly, gentlemen, I never expect to see a cent out of this expedition beyond my pay."

"Don't croak, captain," replied the doctor. "We have got a man at the head of things here who always contrives to corral success, if not in one way then in another."

"Sometimes it's luck, if you refer to me," replied Old King Brady, in his quiet way.

"I am told that the luck of the Bradys is proverbial," continued the captain. "That's the one thing which makes me hope that there may be something in this, after all."

"It seems to me that there is only one thing to do," said Harry, "and that is to make a thorough examination of the bottom."

"The only trouble is it is going to take time," added Old King Brady, and we may expect to see the Ox along any moment. Still, it is the only thing to do, as you say."

They went at it again directly after breakfast, and the whole day was put in with the divers.

Toward noon Harry himself went down, and afterwards the doctor tried it.

The result was the same everywhere the attempt was made.

Joe Penny declared that he had never seen a bottom so uniform.

Night settled down upon them at last, and all hands returned to the yacht, having accomplished nothing.

"And I suppose we may give it up now," said the doctor, greatly discouraged, when the discussion was renewed at the table that evening.

"I told you so," croaked the captain. "I know this coast. It's all the same along here. The sand buries everything. There isn't a ghost of a show."

Old King Brady let them talk themselves out and then came in with this remark:

"There's one thing about this country to be considered which neither of you seem to take into consideration, and that is the earthquakes."

"Well, they have enough of them," assented the captain. "When the volcano of Colima over on the mainland—I mean in Mexico—gets to spouting there are almost always earthquakes on the coast."

"And so regularly followed by a tidal wave, are they not?" inquired the old detective.

"They are pretty apt to be."

"Then there you have something to think of. What is the usual effect of this tidal wave on the sand?"

"That's supposed to be the cause of the big sand hill up against the base of the range," said the captain.

"Exactly," continued Old King Brady. "Then before giving this job up I would suggest that we take a look ashore, at least covering the sand-hills up to the big white rock which seems to have held its position since the days of the wreck. Who can tell but what the Belle of Bolton or some part of it may have been thrown forward from her original position. She may even have been thrown on shore and covered up."

"By thunder, there's a whole lot in what you say," exclaimed the doctor. "Let me see, what was it Jack Dutton said? 'Midway between the white rock and the Five Sisters,' was it not?"

"It was."

"Have we been operating at that point?"

"I fancy not. We have taken no steps to ascertain. Distances are very deceptive in this remarkably clear atmosphere. The first thing we want to find out is the actual distance of the white rock from the shore."

The discussion had now taken a new and most interesting turn, and it continued along these lines until bedtime.

When Harry turned in he felt that there was still a chance that they might succeed in locating the lost Frisco liner and get the opportunity to secure the treasure which the wreck was supposed to contain.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE REVEALED.

Morning dawned upon a sea as smooth as glass.

When Young King Brady went on deck at half-past five he found Captain Harding in a state of some excitement.

"The barometer has taken a big drop," he said. "There should be a storm coming, and yet there is nothing to indicate it about the sky."

"Even if it came here we would not be apt to get rain, would we?" inquired Young King Brady.

"No. Only wind; it would be very unusual to see rain on this coast, especially at this time of year."

At breakfast time the barometer had risen, and, indeed, was almost normal.

Captain Harding's fears were allayed, and a shore expedition was at once arranged.

The party consisted as before, of the Bradys, the doctor, and the two divers.

With them the detectives took spades and ropes, in case they should be needed, and Joe Penny and Sam Merts pulled them ashore to the foot of that immense rise of sand.

They had scarcely landed when all saw that Old King Brady had been entirely right in his surmise.



The white rock was much further away than it had appeared from the yacht.

"Where we are standing now should be about the middle point between the rock and the Sisters," declared the old detective. "Even if the steamer has never altered her position in the half century which has elapsed since she went down, we have been looking for her far to the westward of the point alluded to by the mate."

"Hadn't we better go up to the white rock and measure off the distance?" suggested the doctor.

Old King Brady assented, although the measuring could only be done crudely.

It was decided that Harry and Sam Mertz should remain on the shore and display a white handkerchief tied to one of the long-handled spades, so as to give some chance of comparison of distance from the rock to the shore and the shore to the steamer.

They accordingly set out and climbed the sand-hill.

The rise was gradual, and the sand as hard as a floor.

As they advanced a great change began to make itself apparent.

Evidently something was going to happen. The sky began to assume a strange greenish hue, and yet no clouds gathered.

"There is going to be the biggest kind of a blow, doctor," said Old King Brady as last.

"Yes, and the captain knows it, too," replied the doctor.

"See, he is getting up anchor. He means to change his position."

Old King Brady had not observed this, nor did he like it very much now that his attention was called to it.

"I don't know what he is thinking about," he exclaimed. "He has no time for any business of that sort. Look there!"

The old detective pointed seaward.

Far in the distance a vast stretch of whitecaps could be seen.

"It's blowing like Sam Hill outside," exclaimed Joe Penny. "Cap sees that. What he is trying to do is to get under the lee of one of the bigger rocks."

"Yes, but there is not time," said Old King Brady. "If we could only signal him and make him understand."

"You can't," said the Doctor. "Shall we return to the shore?"

"We had better. The boys must come inland. They are not safe there!"

Old King Brady and the doctor waved their hats and beckoned.

Harry caught their signals and indeed he would not have waited much longer for them, as he and Sam Mertz were fully alive to the situation.

"We must run for our lives!" Sam was just saying when the signals came. "There's going to be such a blow as you never saw, young fellow. Skip now! For your life!"

Away they dashed up the sand-hill, Old King Brady's party hurrying forward to meet them.

And as they ran it grew darker and darker.

Without visible clouds the greenish appearance of the sky turned to a dull gray, and from that rapidly became black.

The sun had not yet risen above the lofty peaks of the range, and on the other side there may have been clouds in plenty to obscure it, but the chances are the whole phenomena was caused by volcanic dust from the crater of distant Colima, which later they knew had been in eruption at that time.

At all events, in less time than it takes to tell it, all was as black as the blackest night.

"This won't do!" panted Harry. "Hold on, Sam. We can't see where we are at. The best thing we can possibly do is to stand and wait till it is all over."

"But what will the end be?" gasped the diver, now thoroughly frightened. "The end of the world?"

Harry had no answer to make, for at the same instant the sand seemed to rise beneath his feet, and the next he knew he was sprawling upon his face.

"Earthquake! Earthquake?" he could hear Sam calling out.

Perhaps he was down, too—Young King Brady could not tell.

He tried to rise, but there came a second shock, which flung him flat once more.

Then before he could even make the effort to regain his feet an awful roar was heard, which deadened all other sound.

The water was coming! As usual, the tidal wave was to follow the earthquake.

Harry sprang up and looked seaward.

It was rapidly getting lighter.

He could see that the ocean had retreated, leaving the bottom exposed almost out to the Sisters.

"Look at the yacht! Look! Look!" shouted Sam Mertz, who had by this time regained his feet.

The Emerald had grounded right abreast of the middle rock of the Five Sisters, and lay well over on her side.

Then all in the same instant they saw the return of the waters begin.

It was a huge wave outside the chain of rocks. It rose higher and higher, until it towered above them like a mighty wall, and came sweeping in over the exposed sands, which were alive with stranded fish and huge crawling crustaceans, strange creations of the deep such as Young King Brady had never seen or heard of.

It was a sight to be remembered to the end of one's life.

"Run! Run!" yelled Sam.

But Harry held his ground.

"No," he said. "The water never can come up here. We are perfectly safe."

"Look!" yelled Sam. "See the down pull! The yacht is lost and all on board."

What could have caused it was a mystery, but certain it is that, together with the inward rush of the water there was another motion, for the yacht, caught now on the wave, was being swept down the coast with fearful rapidity.



Young King Brady never doubted that Sam was right, and that the loss of the yacht and all on board of her was certain.

Now the wave broke and the water swept far up the sand-hill, coming indeed almost to the spot where Young King Brady and his companion stood.

But it lost its force before it reached them, and went surging back to complete the strange phenomena.

In a minute all was over; the light had come again, and the sea had assumed its normal appearance.

Doubtless the wind had come inside the line of the Five Sisters, but it never reached the point where Young King Brady and the diver stood.

They looked for the yacht, but could see nothing of her.

This, however, might be accounted for by the bend of the coast further down, or indeed, she might have been swept out beyond the rocks by the return of the wave.

It was all over now, and Harry looked around for Old King Brady.

The old detective and his companions were all right, and hurrying toward them.

"Did you see what became of the yacht?" Old King Brady called as they approached.

"No," said Harry. "Last we saw of her she was being swept down the coast at racehorse speed."

"If she is lost then so are we," said the doctor gloomily. "Nothing but starvation awaits us here."

"You forget the Ox," said Old King Brady. "She is bound to come."

"Yes, if she has not met with the same fate as the Emerald," growled the doctor.

"Come, come; cross your bridges when you meet them," said the old detective. "There is no use worrying about this business, bad as it is. The first thing for us to do is to get down on the shore; then we will start in on a regular hunt for the Emerald. Like enough we shall find her unharmed."

"Did you ever see anything like this before, Governor?" asked Harry, as they hurried along.

"Once, on an island off the coast of South America," replied Old King Brady. "That was many years ago. Now, gentlemen, we may expect discoveries. These tidal waves are almost certain to unearth queer things. Prepare to be surprised."

"I see it!" cried Harry. "I know what you refer to."

"Your eyes are sharp. Look, doctor! Don't you see that black thing sticking up out of the sand pretty well down toward the water's edge?"

"Well, I do, now that you call my attention to it," replied the doctor. "Bless my soul, it looks like the smokestack of a steamer."

"I'll be hanged if it don't," replied Old King Brady, with more excitement than he usually displayed. "Get down there, Harry. You two fellows go, too. Let's see what we are up against. I'm not doing any running just now."

Young King Brady and the two divers hurried forward, making as good time as they could over the damp sand.

It grew softer as they advanced, and they had to slow down.

Soon the great change in the shore line wrought by the tidal wave became apparent.

The sand had been cut away for a distance of thirty feet or more, and in many places deep gullies had been washed out by the retreating tidal wave.

It was from one of these that the black object projected.

There was no longer any mistaking its character. It was the big smokestack of an old-style steamer.

A moment more revealed all, for now they could see that nearly the entire deck of the steamer had been laid bare by the wave.

Her bow was still buried in the sand, but her stern lay about all uncovered.

As she lay there still two-thirds buried, it could be seen that she was all listed over to the right as they faced her, the paddle-box on the left being raised high in the gully and was clear of sand.

The masts were gone—evidently they had been chopped away, but the wheel-house remained intact, and there was the gilded sign attached to it.

"It's the Bradys' luck again," muttered Harry.

And indeed it was nothing else, for upon the wheel-house read:

"Belle of Bolton."

Thanks to the earthquake the search for the lost Frisco liner had been crowned with success, whereas without its aid the Bradys might have searched in vain for twenty years.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BAD NEWS FROM THE YACHT.

It was an exciting moment for the Bradys.

Dr. Stoppinham could scarcely be prevented from jumping down upon the deck of the ancient liner.

"Patience! Patience!" cried Old King Brady. "To get down on to that steamer would be easy enough, doctor, but how are we going to get you back up here again, let me ask? You want to hold your horses. Go slow."

"The first thing we want to do is to find out what has become of the Emerald," declared Harry.

"That's it," assented Old King Brady. "Penny, what about our boat?"

"I've been looking for her everywhere," replied the diver. "She's gone all right, and all our apparatus with her. Pity about those ropes. They would come right in play now."

And indeed, ropes were badly needed if anything was to be done on board the Belle of Bolton, for her deck lay twenty feet deep in the gully, and it would be a simple impossibility to come up unaided over that wall of soft, shifting sand.

"Go down along the shore, boys, and see what you can



learn," said the old detective. "The doctor and I will remain here and investigate. Don't wander far now."

"We'll get around the bend ahead there," said Harry. "That ought to give us a view of the rest of the bay."

They hurried on down to the water's edge, and made their way along the shore.

By this time Dr. Stoppinham had cooled down, and was ready to talk.

"What a pity—what an immense pity that we could not have made this precious find without having the loss of the yacht to offset it!" he exclaimed.

"We are no more certain that it is a precious find than we are that the yacht is actually lost," replied Old King Brady. "One thing we should be thankful for, our lives have been preserved."

"Right," said the doctor. "But can you doubt that the gold is aboard that wreck?"

"It is easy to doubt it. While the steamer may have sunk where we now see her, and subsequently have been buried by sand, on the other hand, she may have been thrown into her present position by some tidal wave, and have remained exposed for a long time, a prey to fishermen and sailors. There is no telling."

"But surely it would have become known if her treasure had been recovered."

"It don't follow by any means. Why, doctor, I remember years ago a man suddenly appeared in New York who was evidently nothing but a common sailor, but who had in his possession nearly a million if not quite. No one, not even those who became most intimate with him, could ever ascertain where he came from or how he came into the possession of such wealth. Evidently he was not used to money. It killed him in the end."

"How so? Drink?"

"Certainly. He never drew a sober breath. He went into real estate on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and ran up houses after plans of his own which he could neither rent nor sell. Two years saw his finish. Those who came around him robbed him of everything, and he died unknown, as he had lived. Who can tell but what that fellow may have got his chance at the treasures of some sunken ship."

"But that argues nothing in this case."

"Nothing, except that we must not build our hopes too high. What we want to do is to get down there and investigate."

"The decks seem to have been swept clear of everything."

"Of everything movable. If we only had a rope now. Let me see; let me see. Come, follow me astern. I have an idea."

They walked on down the line of the gully to the water's edge.

"Nothing to hinder us reaching the ship now, doctor!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "And yes, by gracious, there's a rope!"

It was hanging down astern, attached to the rail above.

"Some poor wretch went down that line," said the old

detective. "Let's walk up the gully, doctor, and see what we can do."

"It's probably as rotten as punk," grumbled the doctor.

"Such are the chances, certainly; but it may not prove so. Come on."

They walked on up the gully, in some places sinking ankle deep in the soft sand.

There proved to be more of the rope than they had thought for.

A good thirty feet of it was buried in the sand.

"This is business!" cried Old King Brady, as they dragged it out. "Lay hold here, doctor. Let's see what our united strength can do for this half-century-old line!"

Old King Brady and the doctor tugged on the rope till they were tired, but it did not yield.

"We will cut it away," said the old detective. "That will give us thirty odd feet to work with, and as soon as the boys come back we may be able to do something."

They returned to the top of the gully then, carrying the rope with them.

"If you thought you could hold me, Brady, I'd be willing to go down," said the doctor.

"Don't believe I could do it," replied Old King Brady, looking doubtfully at the doctor, who was a large man. "How much do you weigh?"

"Two hundred and forty-four."

"I'm not in it. I don't doubt that you could hold me, though."

"I guess I could. Want to try it?"

"I'm willing."

"Go ahead, then. I had set my heart on being first down, but I suppose I can give that up."

"I'm in no hurry, if you care to wait."

But the doctor's curiosity had already got the better of him, and he was only too anxious for the old detective to make the attempt.

So the doctor took a twist on the rope, and Old King Brady, carefully lowering himself over the edge of the gully, slid down to the deck, which was not so much tilted that he could not retain his footing.

It was with a deep sense of awe that the detective paused and looked about him.

His mind reverted to that night in the sanitarium when he sat listening to Jack Dutton's ravings.

He could almost picture the terrible scenes which must have been enacted upon the deck of the Belle of Bolton before the end came.

"What's the matter?" shouted the doctor, who was a man utterly without sentiment. "Why don't you go below?"

"I'm going," was the reply. "I wish you were with me, doctor."

"Don't I wish I was. If there was only any way of making fast here you'd see me down there in two shakes. Go on down into the cabin, Brady. I'm wild to know if the gold still exists."

"And you may have to hold your horses for some time yet," answered the detective. "What about getting into the



treasure room when I find it? That's another part of speech."

He walked aft to the "social hall," as the entrance to the old Frisco liners was termed.

This was a large deck-house provided with seats and covering the companionway.

The door stood open, and Old King Brady looking in saw that the room as well as the cabin stairs was well filled with sand.

Below he could hear water swashing about; a damp, musty odor arose which was extremely unpleasant.

"This is a job for the divers," thought the old detective. "I am not going to butt in here."

He returned to the deck to meet the challenge of the doctor.

"No thoroughfare there, doctor," he cried. "The cabin is full of water, probably left there by the tidal wave. We shall have to hold up a bit."

"Do you know what I was thinking?" called the doctor.

"No. What?"

"That perhaps I know a little more about the build of old California steamers than you do."

"Very likely. I lay no claim to being a knowledgist. Well, what does your remark lead up to, then?"

"I have had the fortune to go aboard several which were broken up at Vallejo where I used to live, and I flatter myself that I know their curves pretty thoroughly. In each one of these the treasure-room was boarded off from the main deck entirely, and was only to be reached by a private stairway running down from the captain's stateroom. Of course, there was a hatch also that was battered down and sealed at the time of sailing. The captain of these old Frisco liners always carried the key of the treasure room, and was held responsible for all it contained."

"And you think it may be so in this case?"

"I am almost certain that it is so."

"Then the thing to do is to locate the captain's stateroom, doctor."

"It should be forward there. No doubt the sign is on the door."

And so it proved.

In a moment Old King Brady had located the stateroom, which was shut in by a slatted door bearing the word "Captain," as the doctor had suggested.

This door was closed, but not locked, and Old King Brady easily opened it, although it moved rather stiffly on its rusted hinges.

There was a solid door inside which proved to be locked.

Here seemed a serious obstacle, but it did not prove to be so.

Old King Brady produced his knife and drove it into the wood, which turned out to be as soft as cheese.

One well-directed kick broke in the panels, and the detective had no trouble in tearing the door to pieces.

Here there was no sand.

The stateroom was just as the captain had left it, although everything it contained was badly waterstained,

and in some places the bed linen had quite molded away, and lay a heap of discolored dust.

Even the captain's trunk was in its place, with the name P. H. Cromwell painted in black letters on the rotting leather.

We could enlarge on this and describe all Old King Brady saw, but one thing of far more importance than all the rest arrested his attention at once.

There was an inner door communicating with a narrow stairway on one side of the stateroom.

This door stood wide open, and had no knob. It was, in fact, a blind door, and had originally been so painted as to resemble the paneling of the room.

The key was in the lock, and the way stood open before the old detective.

That it was the way to the treasure room of the Belle of Bolton Old King Brady could not doubt.

He went back on deck and communicated his discovery to the doctor.

"You've hit it, Brady. You've hit it, surest thing!" Dr. Stoppinham cried excitedly. "Let the good work go on. Push ahead there and see what you find."

Once more Old King Brady disappeared within the stateroom.

The doctor waited with all impatience, but the moments passed and he did not return.

The suspense was growing unendurable, and the doctor was just about ready to jump to the deck himself, even at the risk of never getting back again when he heard his name called, and saw Harry and the two drivers hurrying toward him up the sand-hill.

"Hello!" shouted the doctor. "What about the yacht?"

"She's above ground!" cried Harry.

"Above water, you mean! Speak out! Tell us the worst."

"I mean what I say. The yacht is above ground. She lies forty feet up on the sand."

The doctor gave a gesture of despair, and did not speak again until they drew near.

"Are all hands gone?" he then asked.

"Can't say, but I fear so," replied Young King Brady. "She lies a long way down the shore. We examined her through the glass, but we could see no one near her. Where is the Governor, doctor?"

"He has gone aboard the wreck. This is certainly a bad job. There is no chance of getting the Emerald off as she lies?"

"None whatever. Not the slightest unless there comes another tidal wave."

"We must go to her at once and see how it fares with those poor fellows," said the doctor.

"That's the programme, of course," replied Harry. "But from what we saw I should say that the chances are it will be of but little use. There can be almost no doubt but what they are all drowned."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## TALKING AND PLANNING.

Old King Brady, upon his second entrance to the captain's stateroom, lost no time in descending the stairs.

There was no water here. The closed inner door of the stateroom had fully protected the place.

The stairs led down to a narrow passage closed at both ends by a stout partition. In the middle of this passage was an iron door.

But Old King Brady did not immediately advance toward it, for his attention was at once arrested by a grewsome sight.

He had rather suspected it, for a certain peculiar musty odor was just discernible on the stairs.

There lay the skeleton of a large man stretched out before the door.

The bony features were turned upright, and in the right hand was a rusty key.

Old King Brady produced his dark lantern and threw the light down upon the skeleton.

"Can it be the captain?" he asked himself. "Had he some wild idea of getting at the gold just as the steamer sank?"

That such was not the case was soon proved.

There were several articles lying among the rotted shreds of cloth which lay around the bones.

One of these was a clasp-knife.

Old King Brady picked it up and found that the name Thos. H. Brown was engraved upon the little plate on its side.

There was also a memorandum-book and on the fly-leaf was written:

"Thos. H. Brown. Purser, Steamer Belle of Bolton."

This was all.

There could be no doubt that the dead man had been the purser of the lost Frisco liner, but what had brought him to the treasure room would in all probability now be never known.

For some minutes Old King Brady stood turning over the leaves of the memorandum book.

It contained addresses of people in San Francisco and New York, names of firms long since out of existence, memorandums of expenditures, etc.

One entry read:

"When in Panama don't forget the Monkey?"

What did it mean?

Who would ever know now?

More than half a century had passed since the bony hand which clutched the key had scrawled those lines.

Whether the monkey was a real monkey or a man with a nickname was a riddle never to be solved.

Old King Brady pocketed the book and reached for the key.

It came away from its bony holdfast easily enough, but

before he could use it sounds above him told the old detective that he was no longer alone.

"That you, doctor?" he called, looking up the stairs.

"Here I am," answered the doctor, "and Harry is with me. What have you found?"

"What is left of the purser—that is all as yet. But I guess I have located the treasure-room all right, though."

"Undisturbed?"

"That is the way it looks. How about the yacht?"

"She's a-goner, Governor!" called Harry from behind.

"And Captain Harding—the crew?"

"I'm afraid they are down and out."

"This is serious business," said Old King Brady. "We must investigate at once."

"Not until we have investigated here," put in Dr. Stoppinham. "With the key of the treasure-room in your hand you must not hold back, Brady."

"A moment should settle the treasure question," replied the detective. "Here goes!"

He thrust the key into the lock of the iron door.

The rusted wards turned with difficulty, but they turned, and the door was thrown back.

An exclamation of astonishment broke from all.

There lay two dead skeletons stretched upon the floor of the small compartment.

From the fragments of clothing which clung to them it was easily seen that they were merely common sailors.

The faces and hands were all shrivelled up.

The corpses looked like nothing less than a pair of mummies.

Scattered about the room were many small boxes of the sort in which gold was formerly shipped from California.

Several of these boxes had been opened, and the little bars of bullion lay scattered around.

"Eureka! We have found the treasure!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Not intact, though, if there was really three millions," said Harry, looking about.

"Certainly not!" added Old King Brady. "I should say that there could scarcely be over half a million in sight here if these boxes carry the usual weight."

"And these dead men! What can it mean?" queried the doctor.

"It means treachery and treasure hunting and sudden death," said Old King Brady. "The dead man outside may have locked these two poor wretches in here and have dropped dead himself, or he may have been murdered by someone with him. But one thing is certain—starvation overtook these two poor wretches. In my humble judgment it is also certain that the bulk of the treasure has been removed."

"But by whom?" demanded the doctor, in tones of deep disappointment.

"Who can tell? If my opinion is asked I can guess that the Belle of Bolton was thrown up on shore and afterwards buried in sand. That all hands were not lost at the time of the wreck, as Jack Dutton led us to believe is certain



enough. Doctor, we are up against a mystery, and a mystery in all human probability it must forever remain."

"It's rough," said the doctor. "To think that we should come so near to millions only to be disappointed at last!"

"Don't fret yourself, man! There's enough here to make our expedition a financial success if we can ever get safe out of this fearful country. Besides, my estimate is a crude one. It may prove that there is more value here than I think; but our duty is plain. We have got to find out first of all about Captain Harding and the crew."

Locking the door behind them, all hands now returned on deck, and were pulled up to the ground above by the two divers.

"Well, boys, I suppose you are anxious to know what we have struck!" said Old King Brady, and he went on to tell of the find.

"That's the way it usually runs," observed Joe Penny, philosophically. "This is my third treasure-hunting expedition, Mr. Brady, and as both the others turned out to be complete fizzles, I consider that I am in luck—that is, if we can ever manage to get out of this fearful place."

"That's the big 'if,'" said the doctor. "But come, let us get on the move. One thing is sure, those dead men won't run away with the gold."

They hurried down on the shore to find their fears concerning Captain Harding and the crew relieved in part, for they saw two men coming toward them along the beach.

They were still a long way off, and as it was impossible to identify them Old King Brady took out his glass and turned it upon them.

"It's Harding and Tubby!" he exclaimed. "But I see no one else."

"I think there are men on the yacht!" exclaimed Harry. "Yes, I can see them distinctly now."

"They are there all right. I see two," declared Joe Penny.

Old King Brady now directed his gaze toward the steamer, but he could not make out who the men were.

Accordingly all hands hurried on, and were soon within hailing distance of Captain Harding and the engineer.

"How many left alive?" shouted Harry, between his hands.

"Steward and cook!" came the answer. "All the rest gone but ourselves."

"It might be worse," said the doctor.

But Old King Brady felt that it was bad enough as it was.

They kept on in silence until they joined Captain Harding and the engineer.

Then a long comparison of notes followed.

Captain Harding explained that the deck was swept clean when the tidal wave struck the yacht; the crew had had no show.

As for himself, the captain had managed to keep afloat, being in excellent swimmer, and had been thrown far up on the beach.

Mr. Tubby had been in the engine-room, and had re-

ceived nothing worse than a ducking. There was no fireman attached to the yacht.

The steward and cook had both been below at the time the wave struck the yacht, but of the crew, all of whom had been on deck, not a man remained alive.

Of course, the captain and engineer were duly amazed when they heard of the discovery of the Belle of Bolton, and they had many questions to ask concerning the treasure, the skeletons, and the steamer itself.

Old King Brady's first question was as to the possibility of getting the yacht afloat.

"There isn't the slightest chance," replied Captain Harding. "There she lies, and there she will stay till another tidal wave comes. Nothing that we can do will help matters a bit."

"It's a pity she didn't land a little nearer our business," said Old King Brady dryly. "Well, we shall have to make the best of it, I suppose."

With the long discussion concerning way and means which followed we cannot deal.

The detectives went on to the yacht, and had a look for themselves.

It was just as Captain Harding had said. The situation was hopeless.

All hands remained aboard the Emerald until after dinner, the discussion continuing.

There was but one thing to do, Old King Brady declared, and that was to divide; a part of their number remain with the treasure, the others to go on down the coast in search of help.

And this course was finally decided upon.

It was arranged that Old King Brady and the doctor, with one of the divers should remain behind, while Harry, Captain Harding, and the other diver should start down the coast.

The map which Captain Harding had showed the nearest town to be San Ramon, fifty miles distant, or thereabouts.

This, however, did not promise very much, for as the captain explained, many of these towns marked on the map of Lower California were mere fishing hamlets formed in the neighborhood of a spring. Should the spring dry up, as often happened, the fishermen pulled up stakes and went elsewhere.

Thus the hope of obtaining boats at San Ramon was very slight.

Of the Emerald's boats none remained, all having been torn from their fastenings by the wave.

After the long discussion was finished it was decided that Sam Mertz should go with Harry and the captain, and that the start should be postponed until morning.

All hands then went back to the Belle of Bolton, and had a look at the gold.

There was no difficulty in estimating the value of the treasure.

Two of the sealed boxes were opened and were found to contain bullion.



As the weight of each box was marked, the calculation was made in a few moments, and the value footed up at something over \$600,000.

It was a good round sum, and landed in San Francisco would pay all expenses and leave a handsome balance; but how to get it there was another part of speech.

That night all hands slept on the Emerald, Joe Penny and the steward keeping watch, in order that Captain Harding might be refreshed for his long tramp next day.

At four o'clock Harry was stirring, and after a good breakfast, with the captain and Sam Mertz he started away from the yacht.

"Good luck go with you!" Old King Brady called after him. "and it's coming! I feel sure of it. Remember what I say!"

The last he saw of the travelers they were rounding the point which marked the lower extremity of the bay of San Lopez.

Until they returned nothing could be done but to keep on guessing what Fate might have in store for the treasure hunters of the Belle of Bolton.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FINDING OF THE OX.

During his long association with Old King Brady, Harry has many times had illustration of how accurately the impressions of the old detective hit the mark.

He was to be treated to another on this occasion, and sooner than either he or his companions had any reason to expect.

No sooner had they rounded the point than a startling discovery was made.

"Why, look there, boys!" cried Captain Harding in great excitement. "Look there!"

It was a small steamer lying not far from the beach, about three miles down the coast, which here extended in an unbroken line for a long distance.

"Upon my word, this is very remarkable!" cried Harry. "There is no steam up, evidently. What can they have anchored there for?"

Captain Harding whipped out his glass and took a long look.

"She is not at anchor," he declared. "I can see her move with each roller. The tide is near the turn. She has drifted in there, but she will be drifting out pretty quick."

"See anyone aboard of her?" asked Harry, who had now produced his own glass.

"Not a soul. Do you?"

"No, I don't."

"She must have come in on the tidal wave," suggested Sam Mertz.

think she must be leaking badly. There must be deep soundings there, or she would surely go aground."

All hands now hurried forward, running most of the way.

"She looks very much like the Ox," declared Harry, as they drew near, "and I believe that's what she is!"

"Yes, and her bow is stove in," added Captain Harding, pausing for another look. That steamer has been on the rocks."

They pushed on and soon came opposite the derelict.

It was indeed the Ox, in a damaged condition, and deserted by captain and crew.

She lay just outside the breakers, held in position by the tide, which was still running in.

Harry hailed her, shouting vigorously, but could get no answer.

"This must be investigated at once," declared Captain Harding. "Badly as she is stove, if she has water-tight compartments forward, as I have no doubt is the case, she may still be perfectly safe. Who was her captain, Brady? I don't recollect hearing his name mentioned."

"One Pollock," replied Harry. "Perhaps you know the man?"

"What! Tom Pollock! Well, I should say I did know him. A rascal from way back."

"I believe you. Does he know his business, though?"

"Put him on a fishing smack or some old schooner and he will do well enough, I daresay, but he knows no more about a steamer than a cat. He's run her on the rocks somewhere, and then got scared and deserted her—that's all."

"We want to investigate at once," declared Harry. "Captain, are you good for a swim out to the steamer?"

"I suppose I might get there alive," replied the captain. "I'm a fair swimmer—that's about all."

"I'll go out and have a look at her first," said Sam Mertz, beginning to undress.

Harry followed his example, and the two young men were soon stripped and ready for their plunge.

Diving into the incoming roller, they struck out boldly for the steamer, and were soon at her bow.

"Tread water while I climb up on the break and see what I can discover," said Sam.

"I'll go aboard," replied Harry.

The ladder was hanging conveniently down on the port side, touching the water, the Ox had settled so low, and Young King Brady lost no time in climbing upon deck.

The boats were gone, and everything was washed clean.

Evidently the Ox had had her experience with the tidal wave, as well as the Emerald.

"If we can only save her!" thought Harry, "it will be just immense!"

He hurried forward and looked down over the bow, where he could see Sam standing in the break.

"Hello down there! What's the word?" he called.

"There are water-tight compartments—two anyway!" cried Sam; "and they are all right. I think she has shipped all the water she is going to. Probably Captain Harding



can tell better than I can; but I don't believe she is going to sink."

"Good for you! There's the captain calling to know how the case stands."

Harry shouted the encouraging information, and in a few moments Sam came aboard.

"We must act quick," he declared. "I'll get down into the engine-room and see how the case stands there; you go back for the captain. He ought to come. Can you fetch off my clothes?"

"Certainly I can," was the reply, and then Harry made his dive from the steamer's rail.

The captain was already undressing when he reached the shore.

"There are water-tight compartments all right," announced Young King Brady. "Of course, I don't pretend to judge how safe she is, but Sam thinks she is in no danger of sinking. You are coming out?"

"I am," said the captain, peeling off his shirt.

"Think you can make it? Do you want my help?"

"Oh, I don't think so. I daresay I shall do all right."

Harry bundled up the clothes, and tied them on his head, helping the captain to tie his.

They tried it in the retreating wave then, and were able to keep the clothes dry.

Captain Harding proved to be an expert swimmer, and they were soon at the steamer.

"The fire under the boilers is low," Sam called down, "but it is not out by any means."

"That's all right. "Have you started it going?" asked the captain.

"Yes, I have raked it down and put on coal."

"I'll be with you in a moment, as soon as I make an examination here," replied the Captain, coolly. "I daresay we shall be able to use her. Brady, look after these infernal clothes."

Harry relieved the captain of his burden, and went on deck.

In a few moments the captain came up the ladder with a look of triumph upon his face.

"She'll float for a year!" he declared. "She has been on the rocks, but it's only her plating that's stove in. The water-tight compartments have not been disturbed."

"Then we take her?"

"We most assuredly do," replied the captain, beginning to dress. "You can thank your stars for this, Brady. It's the luckiest thing I ever heard of."

"The Bradys' luck again," thought Harry, and he hurriedly resumed his clothes.

Captain Harding then went below to inspect the engine and fire, and Sam accompanied him.

As soon as he had finished dressing Harry started in to examine the cabin, and see what of value had been left behind.

There was water in the cabin; several inches was swashing about, the result of the tidal wave, of course.

Harry rolled up his trousers, and was starting to walk

through it when suddenly his attention was attracted by a dismal cry.

It came from one of the state-rooms.

"Oh, say!" the voice called. "Whoever you are, won't you let me out?"

"Somebody here after all!" muttered Young King Brady. "I fancy it's Willy, all right. I haven't forgotten that voice."

There were five staterooms in the little cabin, and the doors of four of them were on the swing.

To the fifth Harry now hurried, and found the key turned in the lock.

"Oh, say! Say, now, let me out!" called the voice again. "It isn't a fair shake. If you will only let me out I'll do whatever you say."

Harry threw open the door, and found Willy Whigmore, just as he had anticipated.

The little dude, in scanty apparel, lay a prisoner in the berth, bound hand and foot.

"You!" he gasped, as he caught sight of Young King Brady. "By Jove, this beats the band, doncherknow! How ever came you here?"

"Well, I'm here," replied Harry, coolly. "I suppose even I am welcome under the circumstances, Mr. Whigmore."

"Welcome!" gasped Willy. "Well, I should say you were. Where's Captain Pollock? Where's everybody? Bless my soul, I never was so tumbled about in all my life! But say, what do you stand there staring at me for? Aren't you going to set me free?"

"Not if I know it until we have come to some sort of an understanding," replied Harry, for it occurred to him that he would never get a better chance to make terms with the little dude.

Willy's face was a study then. He was evidently seized with some fresh alarm.

"Oh, say, come now!" he cried. "Are you standing in with those scoundwels! It's a shame! I believe you have found the treasure of the Belle of Bolton. You ought to be all awested. That's what!"

"Talk sense, Whigmore," said Harry. "If I set you free will you promise to be good and make no trouble?"

"Yes, yes. I'll pwomise anything."

"Take it easy for a few minutes. Tell me what happened you? How came you here?"

"How came I here! Why, it was that howid Captain Pollock. Dwunken beast! He set upon me with two of his men and dwagged me here. They pulled off my clothes and put me to bed and tied me up as you see, all because I wouldn't pwomise to give them a share of the treasure in case we found it. Just as though their wages weren't enough. But I daresay you know all this very well."

"I daresay I don't."

"Aren't you in with them?"

"Nothing of the sort. Are you aware that you are alone on this steamer, or rather were till I and my friends came?"

"Bless my soul! You don't say so! Where are they all? I thought it was awful quiet."



"When were you brought here?"

"Yesterday sometime. I don't know just when."

"Didn't you know that the Ox ran on the rocks and stove in her bow? Didn't you know that there had been an earthquake and a tidal wave, and that the steamer has been deserted by all hands?"

"No, I didn't. Say, you surprise me. I—I must have been asleep."

"There isn't the least doubt that you have been very, very drunk," said Harry. "Well, you have been deserted, all right, and now you have fallen into the hands of the Bradys—that's all there is about it. I'll set you free, Willy, but mind, if you are not a good boy I'll tie you up again."

"How dare you address me so familiarly?" cried Willy, in a rage.

"There, there! That's a bad beginning, young fellow!" laughed Harry. "Now, here goes. Dress yourself and come on deck, but understand right now you're not in it. You haven't a word to say."

Harry then cut the cords, and left the stateroom, leaving Willy to dress himself and come on deck at his leisure.

At the head of the cabin stairs he met Captain Harding, looking more triumphant than ever.

"Well, Brady! We are right in it!" he exclaimed. "Nothing on earth to hinder us from making Frisco in this old tub, as far as I can see."

"Good," said Harry. "I——"

"Yes," interrupted the captain. "The engine is all right, and I've been below and examined the compartments, and there is nothing the matter with them. There has been a little water shipped through the main hatch by the tidal wave, it being left open. It's my opinion that the steamer was abandoned long before the earthquake came."

"I was just going to say," began Harry, when the captain interrupted him again.

"There's nothing to hinder us from getting under way inside of half an hour, just as soon as steam is up, in fact. I tell you, Brady, this is the luck of a lifetime. When that idiot Pollock saw his bow stove in he got the horrors and took to the boats. It's a much more common case than you might imagine, and—for heaven sake! Where did that thing spring from? Is it alive?"

It was Willy, at the head of the cabin stairs.

And Willy was in his shirt tail!

"I want my twosers!" he cried lugubriously. "I cawn't find my twosers! They've taken them away!"

## CHAPTER X.

### OLD KING BRADY CAUGHT NAPPING.

It was about ten o'clock when Old King Brady, who was replacing the cabin of the Belle of Bolton, heard his name called by Dr. Stoughton, and hurried on deck.

"What's in the wind now?" he asked.

"There's a steamer in the wind, that's all," replied the doctor, "and it's ten to one it will prove to be the Ox. Here, I'll let down the rope."

Old King Brady came up in a hurry.

He and the doctor were alone at the time, Joe Penny having gone back to the yacht, where the cook and steward had remained.

A small steamer of English build was just coming around the point at the foot of the bay.

Old King Brady surveyed her through his glass.

"Yes, it's the Ox all right," he quietly said.

"Then that means trouble, I suppose," growled the doctor. "We had better hurry to the yacht and get our rifles. I suppose this means a fight."

"I've seen nothing to indicate that, doctor," replied Old King Brady. "But take the glass and look for yourself."

"Why, why," cried the doctor. "There's Cap Harding at the wheel!"

"That's right."

"And your partner pacing the deck as though he owned the craft."

"Exactly."

"And who in thunder is this third fellow who has just come out of the cabin?"

"I saw but two."

"No; there's a third. Hang me, Brady, if it isn't Willy Whigmore! Well, this beats the band!"

And this was the fashion in which the Ox announced herself.

She steamed into the bay and dropped anchor as near to the beach as it was safe for her to come.

Of course, Old King Brady and the doctor were down on the beach to greet them.

Harry called out something of the story of the discovery.

"The ship's boats are all gone!" he shouted. "But there is an old boat below on the main deck. She looks to be a leaky old tub, but the captain thinks we can float her. We are going to try to get her up now."

It took almost as long to get up the boat as it had done to bring the steamer around into the bay.

At last it was accomplished by the aid of ropes rigged up by Captain Harding and all but Willy Whigmore, who had found his "twosers," came ashore, all but swamping the boat before they reached the beach.

"She leaks terribly," said Captain Harding. "I don't know whether we can caulk her up or not, but we are right in it, just the same."

"I should say we were!" cried Old King Brady. "Now to fully explain this mystery, Harry. I couldn't hear more than half of what you said."

Explanations came then, and Old King Brady and the doctor went aboard the Ox, leaving Captain Harding and Sam Mertz to go to the yacht for oakum, a caulking mallet, and other things which were immediately needed.

Willy received them in sulky silence.

"Come, young man," said Old King Brady, "the trick



which you played us has brought you into trouble. Now what have you got to say for yourself, before we begin our work?"

"I don't know that I have anything to say," growled Willy. "You seem to be right in it. What's the use of my talking?"

"Not much, perhaps; but you will find it to your interest to be civil. Tell the truth now. Do you know anything about Captain Pollock and his men?"

"No, I don't. I told your partner that before."

"What time did you last see them?"

"It was right after dinner yesterday."

"You were drunk?"

"Well, I had been drinking champagne."

"You were put to bed drunk, and you awoke to find yourself deserted and a prisoner—is that it?"

"I suppose that's about the size of it—yes."

"Exactly. Where did all this happen?"

"I don't know."

"It's a strange thing we didn't see the Ox in the offing," remarked Harry.

"There's no telling what the tidal wave did for her," replied Old King Brady. "It may have brought her in from far out at sea."

"Captain Harding thinks that," said Harry. "He says there are rocks which are not down on any chart off this coast."

"What do you propose to do with me?" asked Willy.

"Nothing at all," replied the old detective. "Your game has failed. We are right in it. You don't count—that's all."

"I see there is a big steamer buried over there in that sand pile. Is she the Belle of Bolton?" asked Willy.

"As I presume you are Mr. Whigmore's heir, although I don't know it, I shall answer your questions, as we have nothing to conceal. Yes, that is the Belle of Bolton."

"Is the gold on board?"

"Again I answer you simply through courtesy. Part of the gold is on board, the bulk of it seems to have been carried away."

"Shall I be allowed to go over there and have a look?"

"There will be no objection to it if you want to."

"I do."

"You will be given the chance. Answer me now, and answer truly. Are you your grandfather's heir?"

"I am, of course," replied Willy sulkily, at the same time shooting a furtive look at the detective.

"I read it in your face that you are lying," said Old King Brady. "Heir to part of his estate you may be, but not to all, nor do I imagine for an instant that Mr. Whigmore ever told you to dismiss me and my partner. That was purely your own getting up."

Willy was silent.

"By thunder, you are surely right, Brady," put in the doctor. "I know how Whigmore viewed this fellow. Heir he may be, but greater utter. I don't believe Whigmore

ever spoke to him about this affair after he met with the accident."

As Willy said nothing, Old King Brady allowed the subject to drop, but he had already come to the conclusion that Dr. Stoppinham was right.

Soon after they all went ashore, and Harry, by the old detective's direction, took Willy on board the Belle of Bolton and exhibited the treasure.

The young dude had but little to say.

If he knew nothing else he at least appeared to know enough to hold his tongue.

The remainder of the day was spent in conveying the goods of the Emerald on board the Ox, after the boat had been made tight, which was easily done.

At dusk all went aboard the steamer, thankful enough for the wonderful good fortune which had been thrown their way.

The steward had already gone aboard, and a good dinner was prepared and served.

Willy was invited to the table and treated civilly, but that was about all, for no one addressed him, nor did he attempt to do any talking himself.

"And now," remarked Old King Brady, when he and Harry found themselves smoking on the afterdeck a little later, "we must get back to our old methods, my boy. From this time forward there must be no carelessness. Either you or I must keep constantly on the watch."

"So I say," replied Harry. "We have got a big responsibility on our hands, all right."

"Of course we have, but I hardly look for trouble. My idea is that Captain Pollok and his crew, after taking to the boats were probably swamped by the tidal wave."

Both the Bradys remained up until ten o'clock, when Old King Brady turned in, with instructions to Harry to call him at one o'clock, at which time he took the watch.

But the night passed without alarm, and the old detective might just as well have gone to bed.

The following day was a busy one, and with the exception of Willy and the cook all hands took part in the work of removing the gold.

The skeleton and the two bodies found in the treasure-room were removed first, and decently buried in the sand.

This done, the work of raising the gold began, and before night all had been removed to the cabin of the Ox, where it was locked in a stateroom.

It was determined to dismantle the yacht and for that purpose their start was postponed for another day.

It proved to be a slower job than was looked for, although the boat was employed to bring the goods to the Ox.

Thus another day was consumed, and that night Harry retired, first leaving Old King Brady to keep first watch.

At eleven o'clock Willy Whigmore, who had been wondering about idly all the evening, came sauntering up and seated himself beside the old detective.

"Now, then, Mr. Brady, I want to have a talk with you," he said unheeding. "As you don't seem to have anything to do there's no objection, I suppose."



"I'll listen to whatever you may have to say," Old King Brady quietly answered.

"Well, then," continued Willy, "what are you going to do with this gold now that you have got it. I think I have a right to know."

"Considering the way you have acted you have no rights in the matter; still, I haven't the least objection to telling you that I propose to go straight back to Frisco and bank the gold. A division of prize money will then be made with the captain, the divers, and such of the crew as remain. After that myself and partner claim our percentage, as arranged with Dr. Stoppinham, and I shall reimburse myself for the expense I have been at in purchasing and fitting out the yacht. All this done, Dr. Stoppinham will step in and take charge of the balance remaining. Whatever arrangement he may chose to make with your grandfather's executors will go as far as I am concerned, for by that time I shall be down and out."

Willy lit a cigarette and smoked for some minutes in silence.

"I suppose that will be all right," he said. "But I may as well tell you that under this arrangement I get most beautifully left."

"How so? If you are your grandfather's sole heir, as you claim, you will get his full share."

"Now, come, Mr. Brady," replied Willy, entirely dropping his affected manner and speech, "I may have played the fool, but I believe I am not altogether one. I own up. I have lied to you. I am not my grandfather's full heir."

"As I supposed."

"Nor am I his executor."

"Exactly."

"Brown and Runcie, the lawyers on Montgomery street, are grandfather's attorneys and executors. They have entire charge of his estate."

"The will has been opened and read?"

"It had not been when I left Frisco."

"Then you don't know where you are at?"

"On the contrary, I know exactly. Brown told me the day after grandpa died. I get the uses of the income of a hundred thousand during my lifetime, and that is all."

"Indeed? That is not so bad as it might be."

"It's bad enough, and an immense disappointment to me."

"And what becomes of the rest of your grandfather's estate?"

"It goes to distant relatives of his, and to various charities."

"Well, as I said before, it might be a great deal worse, and I advise you to make the best of it."

Willy took a deep inhalation and then, fixing his little eyes on the old detective said:

"You can make it better if you will."

"How?" demanded Old King Brady.

"By speaking a word for me to Dr. Stoppinham. Why not say something about it to Brown and Runcie? Let me in on the divide and get more yourself. I don't believe grand-

pa's lawyers know a thing about this business. If you put it up to the doctor I'm sure he will agree."

"And you think you can bribe me so?" said Old King Brady sternly. "Young man, let me hold up the mirror for you to see yourself as you really are. Instead of being less a fool than you look, you are a great deal more. I don't wonder your grandfather left your legacy in the hands of a guardian. Go to bed. If you were my grandson I should spank you for your insolence. Now leave me! the incident is closed."

Willy got up and flounced away muttering.

For a long time after that Old King Brady sat there smoking, but at last his eyes grew heavy, and he leaned his head on his hand and suffered them to close.

It is not often that Old King Brady is caught napping, but just this was to happen.

All hands had turned in, even to Captain Harding, and he was alone upon the deck.

For some moments he kept awake and occasionally opened his eyes, and looked here and there over the little bay, but at last he slept, worn out by the labors of the day.

And as it happened this was just the time when he should have been most on the alert, for now two boats filled with men were just passing between the first and second Sister, entering the bay of San Lopez.

As they came clear of the rocks a man arose in the foremost boat and surveyed the steamer through a glass.

Then, after a moment, he seated himself again, and both boats pulled on toward the Ox.

## CHAPTER XI.

HARRY HUMBUGS ABE MIRANDA.

The stateroom occupied by the Bradys was next to the one in which the gold had been stowed away, and secured under lock and key.

Knowing this, although it had not been considered necessary to keep a special watch on the treasure under the circumstances, Harry to a certain extent felt it a charge on his mind.

It was almost one o'clock when Young King Brady was suddenly awakened by the sound of voices in the cabin.

At first he thought it was his chief talking with Captain Harding or the doctor, but the recollection that both had announced their intention of putting in a full night's sleep coming to mind, he raised himself on his elbow and listened intently, with the growing sense that something was wrong; but he could not catch a word of what was being said.

The voices were strange, too.

Stranger still, a woman's voice now chimed in with the rest.

Harry began to feel crawly sensations all over him.

He slipped out of his bunk, and clapping his ear to the keyhole, listened so.



"Heavens! They are talking Spanish!" he thought. "There is a woman out there! What can it mean?"

Now, Young King Brady can speak Spanish fairly well, and as he continued to listen he had no difficulty in understanding what was being said.

"We have got the doctor and the captain, the engineer, and the old man," a man's voice said. "As for the crew they don't seem to make any row, although we have nailed up the door of the fo'castle. Let Tony bring down the little dude and we will question him now, and find out what has been doing about the treasure, since none of the rest will tell."

"Didn't you say there were two of those detectives, Abe?" asked the woman's voice.

"Yes, an old one and a young one," was the reply.

"Hadn't you better look up the other? He is asleep in one of the staterooms where we found the door looked, I suppose. We can get him any time then; we will tie him up and lock him in the engine-room with the rest. What we want to know now is how these people came here, and what they have been about. Little Wigs will tell us all that. Go on up on deck, Dolores, and tell Tony to fetch him down."

Someone left the cabin.

With as little noise as possible Young King Brady hurried on his clothes.

Could this be the nurse, Abe Miranda, who was doing the talking? he asked himself.

It seemed altogether probable that it was so.

That the Ox had been captured was certain.

Young King Brady was half wild over it. What to do he did not know.

With Old King Brady, the doctor, and Captain Harding prisoners, to say nothing of the engineer, the divers, the steward, and the cook, who also appeared to have fallen into the toils, the case seemed perfectly hopeless.

At least it would have so seemed to anyone but Harry, for the Bradys, no matter how badly things seem to turn against them, never allow themselves to abandon hope.

The conversation now continued between "Abe" and some other man who spoke in a deep voice.

It was not good Spanish they were talking now, however, but some barbarous dialect mixed with Indian words, of which Harry could make nothing at all.

It was a time for quick thought and quicker action.

"If I don't make a move in a few minutes I shall find myself a prisoner and helpless," Harry muttered.

Secreting his small revolver in a pocket where more than once it had eluded search, he clapped on his hat and boldly threw open the door.

A big, strapping fellow sat on the cabin table talking with a smaller man who had marked Indian features.

Both sprang up as Harry appeared, the big man whipping out a revolver.

Harry threw up his hands.

"You are Abe Miranda!" he exclaimed. "I am Young

King Brady. I surrender. Do me the favor of allowing me to have a few words with you."

"I don't know whether I will or not," replied the big man savagely.

"You will do well to do so then. I can tell you all you want to know. If you have captured the Ox, then I for one am glad of it. To me you are welcome, so why should we quarrel, friend?"

"Oh, if you put it that way," began the man.

"I do put it that way," broke in Harry. "Are you Miranda?"

"I am."

"You were the nurse who had charge of Jack Dutton at Dr. Stoppinham's sanitarium?"

"I am."

"And you learned the location of the Belle of Bolton from your patient?"

"I did. Say, you are firing in the questions all right. Have you found the gold yet?"

This question told Young King Brady just what he most wanted to know.

As yet no one had told this man that the treasure had been recovered, so it would seem.

Already Harry had determined to tell, for he felt that his only chance to save lives and property lay in seeming to stand in with these men.

"Partner," he said, "we have not only found the wreck, but we have recovered all that there is left of the treasure, and it lies concealed behind that stateroom door there!"

"What!" cried Miranda in great excitement.

"Oh, it is just as I tell you. Shall I open the door and show you the gold? I have the key."

"Yes! No! Wait!" cried Miranda, greatly excited. "Why do you tell me all this, and you a partner of Old King Brady the detective?"

"For that very reason. My partner is an old fool. He proposes to divide this treasure between the Whigmore estate and Dr. Stoppinham, taking only a small commission for himself and me. I won't stand for it. I am only too glad to stand in with a smart fellow like you and take my chances on what you will allow me."

Miranda's eyes glittered.

"Listen, Brady," he said. "Our talk is not being understood by this man. Don't show the gold now. Don't tell anybody else of those you will presently come up against what you have told me."

"All right. I think I understand you."

"We must talk quick, for others may join us. Can you steer the steamer?"

"I can."

"Would the engineer stand in with us, think?"

"You must be a reader. It is the very thing I was thinking off. He is only too willing. He agrees with me that it is nonsense to take this treasure back to Frisco."

"Boy, you're a brick," said the greater hurriedly. "Keep a still tongue. Do just as I say, and you and I will take



engineer will divide this between us. How much does it amount to—say?"

"Over half a million."

"No more? Dutton talked three millions."

"I know; but we found positive evidence that a good bit of it had been carried off long ago."

A movement at the head of the cabin stairs then brought the conversation to a finish.

Harry dropped into a chair in obedience to a meaning glance thrown at him by Miranda.

Now, a man with still more marked Indian features than the other appeared, dragging Willy Whigmore, who was trembling with fear from head to foot.

Behind them came a young Mexican girl, a half-breed, evidently.

That there were several others on deck Harry could tell from the sounds which came down through the open door.

"Don't kill me? Don't kill me, Abe!" whined Willy, dropping on his knees before Miranda as soon as the man who held him let go his hold.

And then in a dismal voice he called out:

"Help me, Brady! Speak to him! Don't let him do me up!"

Harry remained silent, paying no attention to Willy at all.

Abe put a stop to his whinings in a way which must have been altogether unexpected to the dude.

"Whigmore," he said, leaning forward, "listen to me. If you open your mouth about this gold being aboard the Ox I'll kill you and throw you to the sharks; but if you will keep it shut as soon as we can make a start I'll set you free."

Willy's face was a study, his surprise was so great.

"I don't understand!" he gasped.

"It's not necessary that you should understand. Will you do just as I tell you or not?"

"Why, sure I will, if that's the way you put it."

"Which is your stateroom? I was not here when they pulled you out, you know."

Willy pointed to the stateroom.

"Get in there, then," said Abe, "and stay there."

He took the key from the inside, and pushing Willy through the door, locked him in.

Then he turned to his companions and an animated discussion in the Spanish-Indian jargon followed.

Harry could make very little out of it.

The man Tony appeared to grow angry, and so did the other men who had been in the cabin all along, but Abe kept perfectly cool.

The girl Dolores joined in occasionally, but she had little to say.

At last all left the cabin together, and Abe, following them up, locked the door.

"Now, Brady, let me see it!" he whispered excitedly.

Harry handed him the key to the treasure room.

"You go ahead and help yourself," he said. "You are boss of the business now."

Abe opened the door, and Harry followed him in.

The gold bullion boxes had all been carefully nailed up, but Harry pried one open with a hammer and cold chisel, and displayed its glittering contents.

Abe gave one glance at it, and then said:

"Shut the door, Brady. Let's settle this business right now."

"I'm ready," replied Harry. "Tell me first, are all hands prisoners?"

"They are. Your partner was captured on deck when we first boarded the steamer. He did not see us coming. We found him asleep."

"You were lucky, then. I never knew him to be caught napping before."

"He was caught that time, all right, then; as soon as I had him I made a strike for the engineer, and got him, too. Then we nailed up the door of the fo'castle companionway and fastened in whoever you have got there. Old Stoppinham, that blamed dude, and the captain were taken in their rooms down here. It's a wonder you didn't wake up with all the noise there was."

"I can't understand why I didn't. We were all pretty tired, though."

"I supposed you were in one of these rooms, but as they were both locked I thought it was time enough to break in later. I never dreamed you had found the stuff."

"So that's the way it went," said Harry, "and now what I would like to know is who your people are, and all about it."

"It won't take long to tell. You didn't know, perhaps, that I was trying to persuade Captain Pollock to stake me for this very trip when Old King Brady hired him in Frisco?"

"No, I didn't."

"That's the way the case stood. I wormed the secret out of Dutton two days before you came to Stoppinham's. Well, if you had gone on the Ox you would have been in a nice fix now."

"You all abandoned her?"

"Yes; she ran on a sunken reef and stove in her bows. Pollock got panicstricken, and so did we all. We took to the boats and left little Whigmore drunk in his berth. What about it? Is she badly damaged? Will she stay afloat?"

"Such is Captain Harding's opinion."

"That ought to be enough. Where's your yacht?"

"High and dry on the shore."

"That was the work of the tidal wave?"

"Yes. How did it serve you?"

"It swamped us. All hands were lost but me. I managed to swim ashore, and strangely enough I landed near the village of San Ramon, where I was born."

"It is indeed strange. And you then went to work and got up a treasure hunting expedition on your own account?"

"You have guessed it. These are my old neighbors and friends."

"And the girl?"

"Dolores? Oh, she is my sister. I haven't seen her in



years. She goes with us, of course. We came up here in boats, and I tell you when I saw the old Ox lying in the bay I was the most surprised man you ever saw."

"How many of you are there?"

"Ten men and Dolores. Now, Brady, tell me what you think we ought to do? This gold is for you and me, but I don't stand for murder. Anything but that goes."

"Why, then the case is simple," said Harry. "Wait till daylight. Send your crowd ashore to the wreck of the Belle of Bolton. I'll soon show you where she lies. As soon as we have got rid of them we will bring the prisoners up one by one and force them to enter a boat and pull ashore. If you don't stand for killing then I do, and I guess none of them will refuse with a revolver at their heads. Heavens, man! You don't know what a satisfaction it will be for me to pull loose from Old King Brady for good and all."

It seemed strange to Harry himself that he was able to pull the wool over Abe Miranda's eyes so completely.

But Harry has a very impressive way with him when he chooses to exert it.

The treacherous nurse was completely deceived, but Young King Brady was not.

"He would turn on Mr. Tubby and me the moment we had landed the gold if I was in earnest and this thing was put through. That's the time he would stand for murder, surest thing," he said to himself.

But Miranda never guessed that he was suspected.

On the contrary, he seemed to be completely carried away by Young King Brady.

Returning to the cabin they remained plotting and planning until morning dawned.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

Old King Brady, his hands bound behind him, lay a prisoner in the engine room of the Ox when the sun rose on the bay of San Lopez that morning.

Near him on the floor was Captain Harding, with Dr. Stoppinham and Engineer Tubby over in another corner of the stuffy little apartment.

Two wicked-looking greasers, armed with good Yankee revolvers, sat near the door, grim guardians of the prisoners; but for their presence Old King Brady would long ago have found some means of escape.

"Yes, there is no use talking, it's a bad fix," growled the doctor—he had been growling all night—"and unless you can see some way out of it, Brady, we shall probably all be done for in short order. Stir yourself, man! Try and think of something that can be done, for——"

"For it's all my fault that we are here," broke in the old detective, completing the doctor's sentence for him. "Ugh, yes, man. You've said it for the twentieth time al-

"No, I'm done with that song," said the doctor. "I think I've sung it enough, but all the same you know it is all your fault, Brady."

"It is, I admit again. I was caught napping. I don't know when such a thing has happened before. I'll admit it just as many times as you wish, doctor, but when you come to talking about plans for escape, why the first thing of all is to get rid of our guardians. I'm an old man, it is true, but thank heaven I've still got good teeth, and if I could once get a bite at those cords which tie up anyone of you I'd make short work of them, and don't you forget it."

"But we can't get rid of them," said Captain Harding. "We can't even talk to them. If they could speak good Spanish I might be in it, but their talk is a jargon more than half Indian, out of which I can make nothing at all."

"Talk about being caught napping, I was caught napping, too," said Mr. Tubby. "If I had only been awake I would have opened the escape valve there and turned hot steam on them, but I didn't get a ghost of a show."

"The fact is," said the captain, "we are all to blame. Mr. Brady was thoroughly worn out with his exertions. Indeed, we all were, but it was up to me to have kept a regular watch aboard this craft, and I don't blame him so much as I do myself."

"For which many thanks, captain," said the old detective. "Now I'm glad to find at least one willing to excuse me. Would that I had paced the deck all night, as I should have done. I blame nobody but myself. Let me think! There must be some way out of this! Let me think!"

Meanwhile the two greasers sat winking and blinking at the prisoners, with their revolvers laid across their laps, wondering doubtless what all this talk was about.

It was a puzzling situation, indeed.

For a man of his age Old King Brady's strength and activity was truly wonderful.

It was only his arms that had been tied behind him, and it was all the same with them all.

"I believe I could make a spring and get on my feet if I tried," he thought. "I have done it, but that was years ago. All the same I believe I can do it still."

This was all very well, but what good would it do?

Of course, all were aware of who the leader of the enemy was, for Dr. Stoppinham had seen and recognized him.

But to the doctor and those with him Abe Miranda had positively refused to talk, so they had no means of knowing what his intentions were.

Hours had now elapsed since Willy Whigmore had been dragged out of the engine-room, and during all that time the situation had not changed.

It was while these thoughts were running through the old detective's head that the door of the engine-room opened, and Miranda himself walked in.

Dr. Stoppinham went for him at once.

He had tried bullying in the night when he was captured. He was willing to try coaxing now.



business. Haven't I always used you well? We know what you are after, of course. Set us free, and——"

"Shot up!" cried Miranda, waving a revolver which he now displayed. "I'm not here to talk. Times have changed since I worked for you, doctor. I have nothing to say to you now!"

"But, Abe——" began the doctor, when he was silenced by a brutal kick.

"It's you I want," said Abe, advancing to the engineer. He whipped out a long knife then, and ordered Tubby to get up and follow him.

"I can't get up!" groaned the engineer after one or two attempts. "I'm almost paralyzed from the way I have been lying."

Abe gave him a hand and lifted him to his feet, but there seemed to be something serious the matter with Tubby's legs, for he immediately sank down again.

Abe spoke to one of the greasers, who took hold on the other side, and between them they carried him out of the engine-room, leaving but one man on guard.

There was nothing paralyzed about Old King Brady, though.

He was ready to do the stunt of his youthful days, risky though it was.

He turned on his back and lay quiet for an instant, then, throwing all his strength of muscle and will into the effort, he succeeded in springing to his feet.

Instantly the greaser leaped up, and calling out something, rushed at him with the revolver, but did not fire as he might easily have done.

His hesitation gave Old King Brady the day.

Quick as thought the old detective threw out his leg and tripped the man up.

It was beautifully done, and the outcome was more beautiful still, for the man fell with great force, struck his head upon the iron flooring, and lay senseless.

"By heavens, you'll be the death of us all!" gasped the doctor. "Now to see Abe Miranda come down on us with a rush!"

Old King Brady did not stop to answer.

"Over with you, cap! Turn on your face!" he cried.

The captain obeyed, and Old King Brady, crouching down, attacked the cords which bound him with his teeth, and worked so rapidly and with such good effect that in an instant he had him free.

"Put your hand under my coat. There on the left, under the armpit! A knife—have you got it?" the old detective asked as the captain sprang up.

"Yes, yes!" gasped Harding. "What a queer blade. It's keen as a razor, though! There you are, Mr. Brady; the job is done."

"No; only begun!" said Old King Brady, free at last.

"Look to the doctor. I'll secure this man; he is beginning to move."

He backed the greaser just in time, for the man sprang to his feet before Old King Brady could reach him.

But the detective had stooped and seized the revolver on the way, so he still had the upper hand.

"Back against the wall there, or I'll bore a hole right through your brain!" he cried, thrusting the revolver in the fellow's face.

The greaser understood the action, if not the words. The captain and the doctor now sprang to help.

In a minute they had him tied hand and foot, with a handkerchief jammed into his mouth.

"By heavens, Brady, you have turned the tables upside down!" breathed the doctor. "I couldn't have done it to save me from death."

"Patience!" said Old King Brady. "This, as I said, is only the beginning. There is a lot to be done yet before we can make ourselves masters of the Ox. Why don't that other fellow return? It is his coming which will spoil it all."

He stepped to the door, and slightly opening it, stood listening.

Then in a moment he closed it again and said:

"This is our time to wait! My partner is alive and working his little game, too. They are all going ashore in the boats."

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course, during the long hour of his imprisonment Old King Brady had been wondering what had become of Harry.

As the reader is aware, Young King Brady had been busy from the first, and now he had reason to congratulate himself that his plan was moving on toward the point where instead of having many to deal with he would find himself with only one.

As daylight came Abe Miranda went for Mr. Tubby by Harry's suggestion, and he was brought on deck, where the greasers were lying about asleep, for the most part, only two being on the watch.

The engineer dropped into a chair which Harry placed for him, and sat staring at the young detective.

He could not quite understand Harry being free, and his suspicious nature was already aroused.

"Talk to him, Brady. Put it up to him," said Abe. "I'll set this fellow to helping with the boats. His partner, who is on guard in the engine-room, we'll leave where he is. We shall need at least one man to help us out."

"That's what I told you," replied Harry. "Now, Mr. Tubby, I've got a proposition to put to you. I don't propose to see this treasure divided up among a dozen, nor does my friend here. Circumstances have changed a bit, but all the same we have got to have an engineer to help us carry out our plans. What do you say to coming in with us and getting your share?"

All this was said loud enough for Abe to hear as he walked away.

Tubby "tumbled" in an instant, for Harry gave him the wink.

When Abe came back he found the engineer a man after his own heart.



Young King Brady could never have worked his cards with a sharper man, but Abe, though enterprising in a way, was fortunately very thick.

And thus Harry won out, and won the greaser over at the same time.

The men were aroused and in their own language Abe told them about the Belle of Bolton, while Young King Brady pointed out where the wreck lay.

The result was just what might have been expected—they could not board the boat quick enough.

Young King Brady showed them the way, and then Abe was ready with his excuse why he and Young King Brady should return while the greasers went on after the gold, but of what this excuse consisted of Harry, of course, could not make out a word.

Tubby remained behind on the Ox. The girl Dolores had not put in an appearance since she retired.

As the boat came back the engineer stood leaning over the rail alone. Harry had instructed him not to move lest Abe's suspicions should be excited, but to be ready to jump to his assistance when the time came.

It had come now.

Abe ran up the ladder, leaving Harry to make fast.

"Now, then, we want to get steam right up, Mr. Tubby," he said. "We can't get out of here too quick. Follow me to the engine room. We'll clear those fellows out of there first."

"Yes, sir," replied the engineer, and he followed on, Harry pressing close behind.

Harry's hand was on his concealed revolver, and it was his intention to tackle Miranda as soon as he laid his hand on the engine-room door.

But the climax came sooner.

All at once from the stairway leading down to the engine-room Old King Brady sprang.

"Up hands, my man!" he cried, covering Abe with the revolver as the doctor and Captain Harding came tumbling up after him.

"Yes, and keep them up!" echoed Harry, jumping in also. "This farce is over, brother Miranda! The Bradys are masters of the Ox!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Off we go! This is the end of all our troubles, Brady! I take it all back. All is well that ends well."

It was Dr. Stoppinham who spoke.

Three-quarters of an hour had passed, and the battered old Ox was steaming out of the bay, leaving the greasers yelling and gesticulating on the beach.

It had been a complete surprise to Abe Miranda, and a complete triumph for the Bradys.

Abe and his greaser were prisoners in the fore-castle, and Abe's sister in the cabin.

Every man was at his post, and even Willy Whigmore was on deck to see the start.

The divers and the others had not been able to understand what it was all about when they discovered that they were prisoners. Unnecesssary to say, they were all ready to do their duty now.

And so the Ox steamed away and kept steadily on her course until she steamed past the Golden Gate, entering Frisco bay without mishap.

Long before this it had been decided to set the prisoners free on landing, for the Bradys and the doctor agreed that it was altogether best not to make too much talk about the affair.

This was done accordingly, and what became of the Mirandas and the greaser was never known.

The gold was safely banked, and the Ox put up for sale.

A conference was held with Mr. Whigmore's executors, and an arrangement was easily reached.

Captain Harding and all hands left of the crew of the Emerald came in for their share of the treasure, and after lingering in Frisco two weeks the Bradys got theirs, and a good round sum it proved to be.

The rest went to Dr. Stoppinham and the Whigmore estate.

Willy got nothing. So much for treachery. His disappointment was richly deserved.

Nothing was ever heard of Captain Pollock or his crew, so Miranda's statement was probably correct, and all perished in the tidal wave.

As for the greasers left at the bay of San Lopez, they may be there yet, for all we know, and we have now told all we have to tell in the matter of The Bradys and the Belle of Bolton.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE BINGO BOYS: OR. THE TRAIL THAT LED TO HANGTOWN," which will be the next number (307) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



# WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT.

READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

## LATEST ISSUES:

226 Fred Fearnot and the Grave Digger; or, The Mystery of a Cemetery.  
227 Fred Fearnot's Wall Street Deal; or, Between the Bulls and the Bears.  
228 Fred Fearnot and "Mr. Jones"; or, The Insurance Man in Trouble.  
229 Fred Fearnot's Big Gift; or, A Week at Old Avon.  
230 Fred Fearnot and the "Witch"; or, Exposing an Old Fraud.  
231 Fred Fearnot's Birthday; or, A Big Time at New Era.  
232 Fred Fearnot and the Sioux Chief; or, Searching for a Lost Girl.  
233 Fred Fearnot's Mortal Enemy; or, The Man on the Black Horse.  
234 Fred Fearnot at Canyon Castle; or, Entertaining His Friends.  
235 Fred Fearnot and the Comanche; or, Teaching a Redskin a Lesson.  
236 Fred Fearnot Suspected; or, Tralled by a Treasury Sleuth.  
237 Fred Fearnot and the Promoter; or, Breaking Up a Big Scheme.  
238 Fred Fearnot and "Old Grizzly"; or, The Man Who Didn't Know.  
239 Fred Fearnot's Rough Riders; or, Driving Out the Squatters.  
240 Fred Fearnot and the Black Flend; or, Putting Down a Riot.  
241 Fred Fearnot in Tennessee; or, The Demon of the Mountains.  
242 Fred Fearnot and the "Terror"; or, Calling Down a Bad Man.  
243 Fred Fearnot in West Virginia; or, Helping the Revenue Agents.  
244 Fred Fearnot and His Athletes; or, A Great Charity Tour.  
245 Fred Fearnot's Strange Adventure; or, The Queer Old Man of the Mountain.  
246 Fred Fearnot and the League; or, Up Against a Bad Lot.  
247 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Race; or, Beating a Horse on Foot.  
248 Fred Fearnot and the Wrestler; or, Throwing a Great Champion.  
249 Fred Fearnot and the Bankrupt; or, Ferreting Out a Fraud.  
250 Fred Fearnot as a Redskin; or, Trailing a Captured Girl.  
251 Fred Fearnot and the "Greenhorn"; or, Fooled for Once in His Life.  
252 Fred Fearnot and the Bloodhounds; or, Tracked by Mistake.  
253 Fred Fearnot's Boy Scouts; or, Hot Times in the Rockies.  
254 Fred Fearnot and the Walf of Wall Street; or, A Smart Boy Broker.  
255 Fred Fearnot's Buffalo Hunt; or, The Gamest Boy in the West.  
256 Fred Fearnot and the Mill Boy; or, A Desperate Dash for Life.  
257 Fred Fearnot's Great Trotting Match; or, Beating the Record.  
258 Fred Fearnot and the Hidden Marksman; or, The Mystery of Thunder Mountain.  
259 Fred Fearnot's Boy Champion; or, Fighting for His Rights.  
260 Fred Fearnot and the Money King. or, A Big Deal in Wall Street.  
261 Fred Fearnot's Gold Hunt; or, The Boy Trappers of Goose Lake.  
262 Fred Fearnot and the Ranch Boy; or, Lively Times with the Broncho Busters.  
263 Fred Fearnot after the Sharpers; or, Exposing a Desperate Game.  
264 Fred Fearnot and the Firebugs; or, Saving a City.  
265 Fred Fearnot in the Lumber Camps; or, Hustling in the Backwoods.  
266 Fred Fearnot and the Orphan; or, The Luck of a Plucky Boy.  
267 Fred Fearnot at Forty Mille Creek; or, Knocking About in the West.  
268 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Speculator; or, From a Dollar to a Million.  
269 Fred Fearnot's Canoe Club; or, A Trip on the Mississippi.  
270 Fred Fearnot and the Errand Boy; or, Bound to Make Money.  
271 Fred Fearnot's Cowboy Gulde; or, The Perils of Death Valley.

272 Fred Fearnot and the Sheep Herders; or, Trapping the Ranch Robbers.  
273 Fred Fearnot on the Stage; or, Before the Footlights for Charity.  
274 Fred Fearnot and the Masked Band; or, The Fate of the Mountain Express.  
275 Fred Fearnot's Trip to Frisco; or, Trapping the Chinese Opium Smugglers.  
276 Fred Fearnot and the Widow's Son; or, The Worst Boy in New York.  
277 Fred Fearnot Among the Rustlers; or, The "Bad" Men of Bald Mountain.  
278 Fred Fearnot and His Dog; or, The Boy Who Ran for Congress.  
279 Fred Fearnot on the Plains; or, Trimming the Cowboys.  
280 Fred Fearnot and the Stolen Claim; or, Rounding Up the Gulch Gang.  
281 Fred Fearnot's Boy; or, Selling Tips on Shares.  
282 Fred Fearnot and the Girl Ranch Owner, And How She Held Her Own.  
283 Fred Fearnot's Newsboy Friend; or, A Hero in Rags.  
284 Fred Fearnot in the Gold Fields; or, Exposing the Claim "Salt-ers."  
285 Fred Fearnot and the Office Boy; or, Bound to be the Boss.  
286 Fred Fearnot after the Moonshiners; or, The "Bad" Men of Kentucky.  
287 Fred Fearnot and the Little Drummer; or, The Boy who Feared Nobody.  
288 Fred Fearnot and the Broker's Boy; or, Working the Stock Market.  
289 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Teamster; or, The Lad Who Bluffed Him.  
290 Fred Fearnot and the Magician, and How he Spoiled His Magic.  
291 Fred Fearnot's Lone Hand; or, Playing a Game to Win.  
292 Fred Fearnot and the Banker's Clerk; or, Shaking up the Brokers.  
293 Fred Fearnot and the Oil King; or, the Tough Gang of the Wells.  
294 Fred Fearnot's Wall Street Game; or, Fighting the Bucket Shops.  
295 Fred Fearnot's Society Circus; or, The Fun that Built a School-House.  
296 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Courage; or, The Mistake of the Train Robber.  
297 Fred Fearnot's Friend from India, and the Wonderful Things He Did.  
298 Fred Fearnot and the Poor Widow; or, Making a Mean Man Do Right.  
299 Fred Fearnot's Cowboys; or, Tackling the Ranch Raiders.  
300 Fred Fearnot and the Money Lenders; or, Breaking Up a Swindling Gang.  
301 Fred Fearnot's Gun Club; or, Shooting for a Diamond Cup.  
302 Fred Fearnot and the Braggart; or, Having Fun with an Ego-tist.  
303 Fred Fearnot's Fire Brigade; or, Beating the Insurance Frauds.  
304 Fred Fearnot's Temperance Lectures; or, Fighting Rum and Ruin.  
305 Fred Fearnot and the "Cattle Queen"; or, A Desperate Woman's Game.  
306 Fred Fearnot and the Boomers; or, The Game that Failed.  
307 Fred Fearnot and the "Tough" Boy; or, Reforming a Vagrant.  
308 Fred Fearnot's \$10,000 Deal; or, Over the Continent on Horseback.  
309 Fred Fearnot and the Lasso Gang; or, Crooked Work on the Ranch.  
310 Fred Fearnot and the Wall Street Broker; or, Helping the Widows and Orphans.  
311 Fred Fearnot and the Cow Puncher; or, The Worst Man in Arizona.  
312 Fred Fearnot and the Fortune Teller; or, The Gypsy's Double Deal.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS, OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY, BY

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

24 Union Square, New York.

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY MAGAZINE, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....  
..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....





# BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY



Stories of Brave Northern and Southern Boys in the Civil War.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1904 by Frank Toutsey, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 16.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

## LEADING THE LINE; OR, THE BOYS IN GRAY'S BEST WORK.

*By LIEUT HARRY LEE*









# A Grand War Library

# BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY

Stories of Brave Northern and  
Southern Boys in the Civil War

BY LIEUT. HARRY LEE

 EACH NUMBER COMPLETE      A 32-PAGE BOOK FOR 5 CENTS!   
 DO NOT FAIL TO BUY A COPY 

## A New Story Will Be Published Every Week

All of these stirring stories are based on historical facts. They relate the exciting adventures of two gallant young officers in the rebellion. Each alternate story deals with the North and South. There is absolutely no partisan-ship shown. In one story the exploits of Captain Jack Clark, of the Fairdale Blues, is given. In the next, Captain Will Prentiss figures with his company, the Virginia Grays. Thus, both sides of the war are shown in the most impartial manner. You will like the stories of the South as well as you will like those of the North. Both are replete with daring incidents, great battles and thrilling military situations. An interesting love theme runs through each story. Read the following numbers:

### ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Off to the War; or, The Boys in Blue Mustered In.         | 10 At Fair Oaks; or, The Boys in Gray Winning Out.               |
| 2 At the Front; or, The Boys in Gray in Battle.             | 11 Hemmed In; or, The Boys in Blue's Hard Fight.                 |
| 3 Holding the Line; or, The Boys in Blue's Great Defence.   | 12 Trapped by a Traitor; or, The Boys in Gray in a Scrape.       |
| 4 On a Forced March; or, The Boys in Gray to the Rescue.    | 13 At Fort Donelson; or, The Boys in Blue's Great Charge.        |
| 5 Through the Lines; or, The Boys in Blue on a Raid.        | 14 Held at Bay; or, The Boys in Gray Baffled.                    |
| 6 Prisoners of War; or, The Boys in Gray in Limbo.          | 15 At Pittsburg Landing; or, The Boys in Blue's Greatest Battle. |
| 7 On Special Service; or, The Boys in Blue in Danger.       | 16 Leading the Line; or, The Boys in Gray's Best Work.           |
| 8 Bivouac and Battle; or, The Boys in Gray's Hard Campaign. |  |
| 9 Out with Grant; or, The Boys in Blue in Tennessee.        |  |

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher      No. 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

If our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail  
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....  
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
..... " " BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Book, Nos.....



# PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 267 The Rival Base Ball Clubs; or, The Champions of Columbia Academy. By Allyn Draper.
- 268 The Boy Cattle King; or, Frank Fordham's Wild West Ranch. By an Old Scout.
- 269 Wide Awake Will, The Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3; or, Fighting the Flames for Fame and Fortune. By ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 270 Jack Wright and His Electric Tricycle; or, Fighting the Strangers of the Crimson Desert. By "Noname."
- 271 The Orphans of New York. A Pathetic Story of a Great City. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).
- 272 Sitting Bull's Last Shot; or, The Vengeance of an Indian Policeman. By Pawnee Bill.
- 273 The Haunted House on the Harlem; or, The Mystery of a Missing Man. By Howard Austin.
- 274 Jack Wright and His Ocean Plunger; or, The Harpoon Hunters of the Arctic. By "Noname."
- 275 Claim 33; or, The Boys of the Mountain. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 276 The Road to Ruin; or, The Snares and Temptations of New York. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 277 A Spy at 16; or, Fighting for Washington and Liberty. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 278 Jack Wright's Flying Torpedo; or, The Black Demons of Dismal Swamp. By "Noname."
- 279 High Ladder Harry, The Young Fireman of Freeport; or, Airways at the Top. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 280 100 Chests of Gold; or, The Aztecs' Buried Secret. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 281 Pat Malloy; or, An Irish Boy's Pluck and Luck. By Allyn Draper.
- 282 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea Ghost; or, A Strange Under Water Journey. By "Noname."
- 283 Sixty Mile Sam; or, Bound to be on Time. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 284 83 Degrees North Latitude; or, the Handwriting in the Iceberg. By Howard Austin.
- 285 Joe, The Actor's Boy; or, Famous at Fourteen. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor.)
- 286 Dead For 5 Years; or, The Mystery of a Madhouse. By Allyn Draper.
- 287 Broker Bob; or, The Youngest Operator in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 288 Boy Pards; or, Making a Home on the Border. By An Old Scout.
- 289 The Twenty Doctors; or, the Mystery of the Coast. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 290 The Boy Cavalry Scout; or, Life in the Saddle. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 291 The Boy Firemen; or, "Stand by the Machine." By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 292 Rob, the Runaway; or, From Office Boy to Partner. By Allyn Draper.
- 293 The Shattered Glass; or, A Country Boy in New York A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 294 Lightning Lew, the Boy Scout; or, Perils in the West. By Gen'l. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 295 The Gray House on the Rock; or, The Ghosts of Ballyntyne Hall. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 296 A Poor Boy's Fight; or, The Hero of the School. By Howard Austin.
- 297 Captain Jack Tempest; or, The Prince of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 298 Billy Button, the Young Clown and Bareback Rider. By Berton Bertrew.
- 299 An Engineer at 16; or, The Prince of the Lightning Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 300 To the North Pole in a Balloon. By Berton Bertrew.
- 301 Kit Carson's Little Scout; or, The Renegade's Doom. By An Old Scout.
- 302 From the Street; or, The Fortunes of a Bootblack. By N. S. Wood (the Young American Actor).
- 303 Old Putnam's Pet; or, The Young Patriot Spy. A Story of the Revolution. By Gen. Jas. A. Gordon.
- 304 The Boy Speculators of Brookton; or, Millionaires at Nineteen. By Allyn Draper.
- 305 Rob Rudder, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi. By Howard Austin.
- 306 The Downward Path; or, The Road to Ruin. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 307 Up From the Ranks; or, From Corporal to General. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 308 Expelled From School; or, The Rebels of Beechdale Academy. By Allyn Draper.
- 309 Larry, the Life Saver; or, A Born Fireman. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 310 The Brand of Siberia; or, The Boy Tracker of the Steppes. By Allan Arnold.
- 311 Across the Continent with a Circus; or, The Twin Riders of the Ring. By Berton Bertrew.
- 312 On Board a Man-of-War; or, Jack Farragut in the U. S. Navy. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 313 Nick and Jed, the King Trappers of the Border. By An Old Scout.
- 314 Red Light Dick, The Engineer Prince; or, The Bravest Boy on the Railroad. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 315 Leadville Jack, the Game Cock of the West. By An Old Scout.
- 316 Adrift in the Sea of Grass; or, The Strange Voyage of a Missing Ship. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 317 Out of the Gutter; or, Fighting the Battle Alone. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 318 The Scouts of the Santee; or, Redcoats and Whigs. A Story of the American Revolution. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 319 Edwin Forrest's Boy Pupil; or, The Struggles and Triumphs of a Boy Actor. By N. S. Wood, the Young American Actor.
- 320 Air Line Will, The Young Engineer of the New Mexico Express. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 321 The Richest Boy in Arizona; or, The Mystery of the Gila. By Howard Austin.
- 322 Twenty Degrees Beyond the Arctic Circle; or, Deserted in the Land of Ice. By Berton Bertrew.
- 323 Young King Kerry, the Irish Rob Roy; or, The Lost Lilly of Killarney. By Allyn Draper.
- 324 Canoe Carl; or, A College Boy's Cruise in the Far North. By Allan Arnold.
- 325 Randy Rollins, the Boy Fireman. A Story of Heroic Deeds. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden.
- 326 Green Mountain Joe, the Old Trapper of Malbro Pond. By An Old Scout.
- 327 The Prince of Rockdale School; or, A Flight for a Railroad. By Howard Austin.
- 328 Lost in the City; or, The Lights and Shadows of New York. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 329 Switchback Sam, the Young Pennsylvania Engineer; or, Rail-roading in the Old Country. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 330 Trapeze Tom, the Boy Acrobat; or, Darling Work in the Air. By Berton Bertrew.
- 331 Yellowstone Kelly. A Story of Adventures in the Great West. By An Old Scout.
- 332 Tho Poisoned Wine; or, Foiling a Desperate Game. A True Temperance Story. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 333 Shiloh Sam; or, General Grant's Best Boy Scout. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 334 Alone in New York; or, Ragged! Rob the Newsboy. By N. S. Wood, the Young American Actor.
- 335 The Floating Treasure; or, The Secret of the Pirates' Rock. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 336 Tom Throttle, The Boy Engineer of the Midnight Express; or, Rail-roading in Central America. By Jas. C. Merritt.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents per Copy, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** **24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY, Nos.....

.... " " FRANK READE WEEKLY MAGAZINE, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Acolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Can-Lo, Forty Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know. There's happiness in it.

No. 22. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to great advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch, French, English, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

## LATEST ISSUES:

226 The Bradys and the Three Sheriffs; or, Doing a Turn in Tennessee.  
227 The Bradys and the Opium Smugglers; or, A Hot Trail on the Pacific Coast.  
228 The Bradys' Boomerang; or, Shaking Up the Wall Street Wire Tappers.  
229 The Bradys Among the Rockies; or, Working Away Out West.  
230 The Bradys and Judge Lynch; or, After the Arkansas Terror.  
231 The Bradys and the Baggy Boys; or, Hustling in the Black Hills.  
232 The Bradys and Captain Bangs; or, The Mystery of a Mississippi Steamer.  
233 The Bradys in Maiden Lane; or, Tracking the Diamond Crooks.  
234 The Bradys and Wells-Fargo Case; or, The Mystery of the Montana Mail.  
235 The Bradys and "Bowery Bill"; or, The Crooks of Coon Alley.  
236 The Bradys at Bushel Bend; or, Smoking Out the Chinese Smugglers.  
237 The Bradys and the Messenger Boy; or, The A. D. T. Mystery.  
238 The Bradys and the Wire Gang; or, The Great Race-Track Swindle.  
239 The Bradys Among the Mormons; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.  
240 The Bradys and "Fancy Frank"; or, The Velvet Gang of Flood Bar.  
241 The Bradys at Battle Cliff; or, Chased Up the Grand Canyon.  
242 The Bradys and "Mustang Mike"; or, The Man With the Branded Hand.  
243 The Bradys at Gold Hill; or, The Mystery of the Man from Montana.  
244 The Bradys and Pilgrim Pete; or, The Tough Sports of Terror Gulch.  
245 The Bradys and the Black Eagle Express; or, The Fate of the Frisco Flyer.  
246 The Bradys and Hi-Lo-Jak; or, Dark Deeds in Chinatown.  
247 The Bradys and the Texas Rangers; or, Rounding up the Green Goods Fakirs.  
248 The Bradys and "Simple Sue"; or, The Keno Queen of Sawdust City.  
249 The Bradys and the Wall Street Wizard; or, the Cash That Did Not Come.  
250 The Bradys and Cigarette Charlie; or, the Smoothest Crook in the World.  
251 The Bradys at Bandit Gulch; or, From Wall Street to the Far West.  
252 The Bradys in the Foot-Hills; or, The Blue Band of Hard Luck Gulch.  
253 The Bradys and Brady the Banker; or, The Secret of the Old Santa Fe Trail.  
254 The Bradys' Graveyard Clue; or, Dealings With Doctor Death.  
255 The Bradys and "Lonely Luke"; or, The Hard Gang of Hard-scrabble.  
256 The Bradys and Tombstone Tom; or, A Hurry Call from Arizona.  
257 The Bradys' Backwoods Trail; or, Landing the Log Rollers Gang.  
258 The Bradys and "Joe Jinger"; or, The Clew in the Convict Camp.  
259 The Bradys at Madman's Roost; or, A Clew from the Golden Gate.  
260 The Bradys and the Border Band; or, Six Weeks' Work Along the Line.  
261 The Bradys in Sample City; or, The Gang of the Silver Seven.  
262 The Bradys' Mott Street Mystery; or, The Case of Mrs. Ching Chow.  
263 The Bradys' Black Butte Raid; or, Trailing the Idaho "Terror."  
264 The Bradys and Jockey Joe; or, Crooked Work at the Racetrack.  
265 The Bradys at Kicking Horse Canyon; or, Working for the Canadian Pacific.

266 The Bradys and "Black Jack"; or, Tracking the Negro Crooks.  
267 The Bradys' Wild West Clew; or, Knocking About Nevada.  
268 The Bradys' Dash to Deadwood; or, A Mystery of the Black Hills.  
269 The Bradys and "Humpty Hank"; or, The Silver Gang of Shasta.  
270 The Bradys and Dr. Dockery; or, The Secret Band of Seven.  
271 The Bradys' Western Raid; or, Trailing A "Bad" Man to Texas.  
272 The Bradys at Fort Yuma; or, The Mix-up with the "King of Mexico."  
273 The Bradys and the Bond King; or, Working on a Wall Street Case.  
274 The Bradys and Fakir Fred; or, The Mystery of the County Fair.  
275 The Bradys' California Call; or, Hot Work in Hangtown.  
276 The Bradys' Million Dollar Camp; or, Rough Times in Rattle snake Canyon.  
277 The Bradys and the Black Hounds; or, The Mystery of the Midas Mine.  
278 The Bradys Up Bad River; or, After the Worst Man of All.  
279 The Bradys and "Uncle Hiram"; or, Hot Work with a Hayseed Crook.  
280 The Bradys and Kid King; or, Tracking the Arizona Terror.  
281 The Bradys' Chicago Clew; or, Exposing the Board of Trade Crooks.  
282 The Bradys and Silver King; or, After the Man of Mystery.  
283 The Bradys' Hard Struggle; or, The Search for the Missing Fingers.  
284 The Bradys in Sunflower City; or, After "Bad" Man Brown.  
285 The Bradys and "Wild Bill"; or, The Sharp Gang of Sundown.  
286 The Bradys in the Saddle; or, Chasing "Broncho Bill."  
287 The Bradys and the Mock Millionaire; or, The Trail which Led to Tuxedo.  
288 The Bradys' Wall Street Trail; or, The Matter of X-Y-Z.  
289 The Bradys and the Bandits' Gold; or, Secret Work in the Southwest.  
290 The Bradys and Captain Thunderbolt; or, Darling Work in Death Valley.  
291 The Bradys' Trip to Chinatown; or, Trailing an Opium Fiend.  
292 The Bradys and Diamond Dan; or, The Mystery of the John Street Jewels.  
293 The Bradys on Badman's Island; or, Trapping the Texas "Terror."  
294 The Bradys and the Hop Hitters; or, Among the Opium Fiends of Frisco.  
295 The Bradys and "Boston Ben"; or, Tracking a Trickster to Tennessee.  
296 The Bradys' Latest "Bad" Man; or, The Case of Idaho Ike.  
297 The Bradys and the Wall Street "Wonder"; or, The Keen Detectives Quick Case.  
298 The Bradys' Call to Kansas; or, The Matter of Marshal Mundy.  
299 The Bradys and Old Bill Battle; or, After the Colorado Coiners.  
300 The Bradys and the Man from Wall Street; or, The Strange Disappearance of Capt. Carew.  
301 The Bradys and Big Bart Brown; or, Trapping the "Terror" of Toddleton.  
302 The Bradys and the 'Frisco Fakirs; or, The Boy who was Lost in Chinatown.  
303 The Bradys and 'Klondike Kate'; or, The Hurry Call from Dawson.  
304 The Bradys and "Pullman Pete"; or, The Mystery of the Chicago Special.  
305 The Bradys and the Wall Street Prince; or, The Boy who Broke the Brokers.  
306 The Bradys and the Belle of Bolton; or, The Search for the Lost Frisco Liner.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS, OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS  
ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY, BY  
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR: Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " BLUE AND GRAY WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name..... Street and No..... Town..... State.....